

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XLIV

No. 3398 August 21, 1909.

FROM BEGINNING  
VOL. CCLXI.

## CONTENTS

I.	"The Hush in Europe." By H. N. Brailsford	ENGLISH REVIEW	451
II.	The Modern Surrender of Women. By G. K. Chesterton	DUBLIN REVIEW	462
III.	Hardy-on-the-Hill. Book II. Chapter VI. By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (To be continued.)	TIMES	467
IV.	Heavy Fathers. By Rowland Grey	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	473
V.	Modern Dutch Painting.	EDINBURGH REVIEW	481
VI.	The Humpback. Part II. By J. J. Bell. (Conclusion.)	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	493
VII.	In a German Country House. By Dorothy Amphlett	NATIONAL REVIEW	498
VIII.	Butterflies.	NATION	504
IX.	The German Chancellor's Shade.	SATURDAY REVIEW	506
X.	Presentiments.	SPECTATOR	509

## A PAGE OF VERSE

XI.	New Hearts for the Old Way. By Archibald Fox	SPECTATOR	450
XII.	The Willow-Wren. By Rosamund Marriott Watson	ATHENÆUM	450
XIII.	Plum Blossom. By C. Cranmer-Byng	NATION	450
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		512



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## NEW HEARTS FOR THE OLD WAY.

We are called. We hear. Be this  
the single test—  
Give we our best?

Doth there from meadow, street, and  
school arise

A dust of toll, a steam of sacrifice?  
Have we a lodestar to light fainting  
eyes

With solemn hest?

An Empire's might, not proved by wall  
or blood

But widening good,

A might to lift the weak, to guide the  
strong,

To make day quicken from the night of  
wrong—

Be this with us as love or light or song  
Or dally food.

Not with fond sigh or dream that peace  
is here

Shall we uprear

That peace which comes of soul at-  
tuned to stress,

Of armored calm and iron gentleness,  
Of valiant youth, and wisdom skilled to  
bless,

And woman's cheer.

So peals the question riving our long  
rest—

Give we our best?

Arm we with zeal and labor that the  
day

Of ultimate battle find us not at play?  
Ay, with new hearts to dare the old

great way

We yet shall hold, by gift of each  
man's best,

Our sires' bequest.

*Archibald For.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE WILLOW-WREN.

"Half angel and half bird."

Far oversea he roamed the winter  
through,

His way by Kasvin and Khorassan  
winging,

And now he haunts the Surrey hills  
anew

To charm their woodlands with his  
faery singing.

His prelude seems the very voice of  
Spring,

Through the green larchwood as he  
flits and perches;

Even such an air a dryad's wraith  
might sing

Between the beeches and the silver  
birches.

Light-poised, half-hid, aloft upon the  
spray,

Hued like the olive, fine and willow-  
slender,

Over and over through the lyric day  
He sings each delicate cadence, shy  
and tender.

But when the May flowers fade and  
grass grows long,

In wistful sequel, set 'twixt speech and  
sighing.

Faint fall the lingering closes of his  
song,

Most sweet—most sad: he knows the  
Spring is dying.

*Rosamund Marriott Watson.*

*The Athenæum.*

## PLUM BLOSSOM.

(From the Chinese.)

One flower bath in itself the charms of  
two;

Draw nearer! and she breaks to won-  
ders new:

And you would call her beauty of the  
rose—

She, too, is folded in a fleece of snows;  
And you might call her pale—she doth

display

The blush of dawn beneath the eye of  
day,

The lips of her the wine cup hath ca-  
ressed,

The form of her that from some vision  
blest

Starts with the rose of sleep still glow-  
ing bright

Through limbs that ranged the dream-  
lands of the night;

The pencil falters and the song is  
naught,

Her beauty, like the sun, dispels my  
thought.

*C. Cranmer-Byng.*

*The Nation.*

## "THE HUSH IN EUROPE."

An historian eager to determine what the English mind thought of the prospects and tendencies of civilization about the year 1909, would find ample and luminous evidence laid before him during a single memorable week of last June. One might suppose that the average educated mind of our time had consciously determined to record its confessions. Its chosen spokesman was Lord Rosebery, a personality singularly sensitive to the floating impressions of his time, original only in his felicity of phrase, typical in all the rest of that mass-consciousness which invades opposing parties, makes sport of hereditary dogmas, and carries with it in its instinctive movements all but the inveterate minority and the deliberate eccentrics. His words are already the rhythm of all our thoughts—that sentence about the condition of Europe "so peaceful but so menacing," the other about the "hush in Europe" which "forbodes peace," and the rougher phrases about the "bursting out of navies everywhere" in a continent which is "rattling into barbarism." It was no individual utterance. Sir Edward Grey, the incarnation of reticence and caution went out of his way to agree with every word of it. Mr. Balfour agreed with Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane with Mr. Balfour. Thus it is then—the British people sees its own condition and in this mood it looks out across its seas at the armaments of the continent. Pessimism mingles oddly with a certain grim resolution. There are peoples who see in their navies and their armies only a panoply of strength lightly worn and gladly displayed. There are men who, like Moltke, think even of war itself as the salt of life and the last vestige of "idealism." That is not our attitude.

With rare exceptions we all think of armaments as an evil, though it be a necessary evil. War we unanimously condemn as a crime and a treason to civilization. Yet while we look before us and declare that we are "rattling into barbarism," we also declare that "we can and we will" build warships "so long as we have a shilling to spend on them." Our moral sense assents sadly to the first proposition, an innate pugnacity applauds the second. Our orators toss these contradictions at each other across our platforms, yet sometimes in the interval there sounds a deeper note, a sense that there must be somewhere a reasonable force which will break in upon the insanity of a continent, restore to it a peace that is more than a hush of foreboding, and recall it to its saner constructive purposes. But when we ask what this force may be, there is a general agreement that it is not to be sought in either of our ruling parties or in any section of the governing class. Lord Rosebery looks for it, if at all, only in that section of society which has no leisure to think and lacks the means to educate itself—among "the working men of the world." In that vision of a proletarian revolt in which the masses will say "no more of this madness and this folly," he confessed the bankruptcy of our directing caste. From a Socialist it would have seemed a natural boast. In Lord Rosebery's mouth it was a cry of despair.

It is the mischief of such an emotional commentary on our age, that it carries us too rapidly into generalities, and deflects us from the humdrum work of contemporary criticism into an attitude of prophecy which benumbs the will and the intelligence alike. Let us for a moment attempt to translate these glowing phrases into

something rather more concrete. Europe is a word. One could reckon on the fingers of two hands the few men who really count in the direction of its policy. For everywhere, alike in democratic and in conservative lands, the conduct of foreign affairs is concentrated in the brain of a single statesman, aided by a few officials. Sir Edward Grey and Prince Bülow, King Edward, the Kaiser and the Tsar, M. Isvolsky, Baron von Aehrenthal, and three or four others—these men are "Europe." If it is "rattling into barbarism," human wills and conscious purposes have something to do with the steering of the course and the regulating of the pace. This hush of suspicion, this competition of armaments, they are not indefinite phenomena vaguely located in the European atmosphere. The European "atmosphere" is indeed nothing but the turmoil of surmise and suspicion, approval and criticism which plays round the doings and the sayings and the supposed purposes of these few men. Public opinion is not in foreign affairs a force which pushes the diplomatists forward. It rather follows than pushes, peering and craning, guessing and wondering, a crowd of gossips mingled with an official *claque*. It will tell France "to mend her manners," or enfold her in a cordial embrace; it will think of Russia as the devil whom we must meet at supper with a "long spoon," or prepare to applaud the Tsar at Cowes; it will dream of a Pan-Teutonic alliance with Germany, or brood over the inevitable war, precisely as its few recognized leaders teach it to think. The divisions of Europe which fill Lord Rosebery with pessimism are not the consequence of any deep-seated popular instinct. So far as national instinct goes, the cleavage might as well have followed almost any other line. The situation which has created this general gloom is in-

deed relatively simple. It is not a universal madness which has overtaken mankind, a return to a state of nature in which *homo homini lupus*. It is a tension and a jealousy between two closely knit groups of Powers. It is a struggle for predominance between the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente, a struggle in which the protagonists are Sir Edward Grey and Prince Bülow. It began only in 1903; it was not acute until the close of 1905. The naval competition, which is the phase of the conflict on which public opinion chiefly centres, is its symptom rather than its cause. It is not the mere fact that Germany is building a new fleet which disquiets us, but the suspicion that she may be building against us. It is not our armaments which incite the Germans to emulation so much as our new policy of concentrating our fleet in home waters. Each side represents its own armaments as purely defensive. The Germans aim at constructing such a fleet that even the strongest naval Power would not venture to attack them without grave risk to itself. Our aim is consciously to prevent another Power from acquiring what we call a predominance in Europe. Each in short suspects the other of seeking to bully or to dominate, each arms to assure its own liberty. It is this fear of being threatened and over-borne, menaced or thwarted, which is the real cause of the general *malaise*. We shall make no progress towards understanding the "hush" in Europe, until we realize that this fear is as vocal and as imperious in Berlin as it is in London.

The set of facts to which supporters of the view now dominant in this country can point is certainly formidable. Germans have a way of reminding us that for more than a generation they have kept the peace, while Great Britain, Russia and the United States have all been engaged



in wars with civilized states. But if there is any truth in the versions of the history of the past four years which are current in England and France, it is by no fault or omission on her part that Germany has failed to find herself at war. The incident about which our knowledge is fullest occurred at the close of 1905. Germany was urging upon France the desirability of an International Conference to regulate the affairs of Morocco, but encountered from M. Delcassé an uncompromising resistance. It is said that an ultimatum was presented, and that in consequence of this ultimatum M. Delcassé was compelled by his colleagues to resign. I have myself heard enough from a German officer concerned in the preparations for mobilization on this occasion, to have little doubt of the substantial truth of this story. Whether the dismissal of M. Delcassé was formally demanded is more doubtful, but that German diplomacy had in effect planned and effected his downfall, was the view generally taken of the incident both in Germany and in France. Two French Premiers have publicly stated that France was at this moment on the verge of war. It is also generally understood that in that war Great Britain would have been involved, both on land and at sea. The impression left by this incident cannot easily be effaced. When the Kaiser raised Herr von Bülow to the rank of Prince as a reward for bringing about M. Delcassé's fall, he triumphed as publicly as if his generals had actually banqueted at Versailles.

There were anxious moments during the earlier half of 1906. Then came the Casablanca incident which clouded the closing months of 1908 and the early months of 1909. Once more the newspapers which closely reflect the inner knowledge of diplomacy talked of the risk of war. There was at the

time a sharp controversy over the facts, and both the *Times* and the *Temps* were accused, apparently with good reason, of distorting the actual course of German diplomacy. It has not been alleged in this instance, so far as I know, that any ultimatum in the full sense of the word was served upon France. But she believed herself to be in danger, and her belief was shared in London. In discussing the results of the Imperial Press Conference, the *Temps* remarked parenthetically in a leading article the other day that during this Casablanca episode it was arranged that five divisions of British regulars should co-operate with the French army in case of need. Only a critic who had access to all the despatches and reports relevant to this affair could determine whether the fears of English and French statesmen were exaggerated. The fact remains that they were entertained by responsible men, that they percolated downwards to the press and the public, and that they helped to make the situation in which we find ourselves. Yet the occasion for these alarms was a sordid brawl, in which as the Hague Tribunal has since decided, each party was more or less in the wrong—a purely local quarrel in which no principle was involved and no Imperial interest was at stake. Assuming that France during this affair was even for a moment in real danger, the conclusion would follow that Germany was rather seeking a pretext to humiliate a rival than insisting on any point that seemed to her substantial. If that is a fair interpretation, it shatters the very foundations of European confidence and peace.

Lastly we come to the long Balkan crisis, which ended by a German intervention in St. Petersburg. It would be wearisome to rehearse the details or examine the merits of this prolonged and angry controversy. To a mind

which sees in nations rather than in governments the real subjects of politics, the dispute seemed somewhat superficial. The only people who had a right to complain of the annexation of the two provinces by Austria were the Bosnians themselves. But it was never suggested even by the Pan-Slavists that they should be consulted, or that their sanction should be sought by a *plébiscite*. Yet they alone had suffered a substantial violence and their daily life alone would be altered for good or ill by the fact of annexation. The struggle was formally about abstractions; it was really a contest for prestige. Formally and juridically no unblinded mind could, I think, deny that Great Britain and Russia were in the right in insisting that a treaty must not be torn up by one party to it without the consent of the others. Austria chose to think that in asking her to obtain the sanction of a European Conference, the Powers of the Triple Entente were seeking to humiliate her. By way of reply she determined to humiliate little Serbia, with the object presumably of demonstrating that Russia dared not intervene to protect her *protégé*. She achieved her end with German aid. The history of Prince Bismarck's decisive intervention has been told with considerable detail in the Russian, French and English press, but none of the several versions bears the stamp of indisputable authenticity. It is only known that on receiving a German note, Russia, which had been acting with Great Britain and France, suddenly receded from all her diplomatic positions without so much as consulting her partners, and left Sir Edward Grey to soften the blow to Serbia as best he could. The *Times* and other well-informed newspapers announced that Germany had delivered an "ultimatum" to Russia, and the same word was, to my knowledge, freely used in

conversation by official personages who knew the whole facts. The note as it was published in the German press was not an ultimatum, but it did convey a menace when it announced that Germany would leave to her ally Austria "the choice of means." To explain the precipitate retreat of M. Isvolsky, it is reasonable to suppose that this veiled threat may have been amplified by some more definite danger signal. In this long contest over Balkan affairs, bitter though it was from the beginning, and complicated by the rattle of arms in the Balkan Peninsula itself, Germany was the first of the great Powers to carry the debate with her equals from the stage of argument to the stage of threats. Her conduct after this signal success was hardly less offensive than it had been after the defeat of M. Delcassé. Her semi-official press at once announced the fall of M. Isvolsky, and for a moment it seemed as though she were about to secure as a permanent fruit of her effort the summoning to power in Russia of a Ministry well-disposed to herself and cold towards the British connection. Her expectations have, as it happens, been falsified. But in the entourage of the Tsar, at least, it is probable that she has strengthened her position; the prestige of the Stolypin ministry has been shaken, and it is still possible that it may soon be succeeded by a more Germanophil and more definitely reactionary combination.

Such, in brief, is the case against German diplomacy which a student might compile who relied on French and British sources of information. Thrice at least in four years, if Germany did not explicitly threaten war, she led her opponents to believe that she contemplated an appeal to arms. In two of three instances she for the moment achieved her aim. From these facts, if they stood alone, it

would be fair to conclude that Germany was seeking to dominate the Continent. War indeed has been averted, but force has none the less prevailed, and its brutality is not lessened because it seemed so overwhelming that resistance was thought to be imprudent. War is to-day so nearly an exact science, that its result can usually be predicted in known conditions with tolerable accuracy. Mistakes are made about the resources of distant and comparatively untried peoples like the Boers or the Japanese. But a competent soldier thinks he can foresee the outcome of any European conflict. Army corps and battleships are counted and weighed, credit measured and the map studied. From the General Staff comes the warning which precedes a diplomatic defeat. It is not a war of blood. But it is none the less a triumph of force. It is in a war of steel and gold that we are all engaged, and the result of a successful use of ships and army corps as pawns in this diplomatic chess, is to set all Europe arming with redoubled energy. This is the real "re-barbarization," for it is the negation of right and of public law, as it is a menace to national independence.

Let us now face the harder task of considering how the events of this period appear to the German mind. The Germans trace the formation of the Triple Entente chiefly to M. Delcassé and they ascribe to him a bold strategy of "penning in" which he has hardly been at pains to deny. Their reading of history is probably accurate. M. Delcassé was the master-mind of the combination; Lord Lansdowne and later Sir Edward Gray did but make his ideas their own. He aimed, as M. Victor Bérard once put it, at dealing with Germany as the iconoclasts dealt with a Gothic Cathedral—by cutting away its flying but-

tresses. Isolate the great Power of Central Europe by detaching from it its supports and allies, and it must eventually crumble into insignificance, and that without the use of a hammer. Metaphors becloud thought, and even "predominance" is a metaphor. If one asks what is meant by it, the shortest and sharpest definition is that which the Kaiser implied when he once declared that nothing should happen in the world without Germany. That Power or group of Powers is the arbiter whose assent must be sought before anything can happen in the world. When we go on to ask what "happens" within the meaning of this phrase, the answer is briefly annexations, protectorates, acquisitions of spheres of influence, economic or political. Behind the whole process lies that over-rapid accumulation of capital which characterizes modern industry, and that over-rapid export of capital to countries which are new or weak or easily exploited. There have been many apologies for the conclusion of the Triple Entente. It has been called a league of peace, and a combination of the Liberal Powers. If it was the first it has failed of its end; if it was the second it ought not to have included Russia. The more realistic Germans smile at these pleasant phrases, and point to two characteristics which its whole history has exemplified. Whatever else it is, it is a league which excludes Germany. With France we have concluded arrangements about Egypt and Morocco, with Russia arrangements about the Middle East, and (at the time of the Reval meeting) about Macedonia. A crossing arrangement has been concluded between Britain, France, Russia and Japan to guard the *status quo* in the Far East, and Germany has had no share in it, though she is, by virtue of her annexation of Kiau-Chau, a Far Eastern Power. Spain has been

drawn in by a treaty with Great Britain and France, and that connection has been ratified by a royal marriage and a bargain for the rebuilding of the Spanish navy. But the sorest point of all to the Germans has been the "debauching" of Italy from her loyalty to the Triple Alliance. Nominally she remains a member. But actually, as the Algeciras Conference proved, her support in a diplomatic emergency is not to be reckoned on, and she is now, with but little concealment, arming against her ally, Austria. To this process of concluding alliances and understandings always outside the German group, and always without its participation, the Germans have given the name of "penning in." The Balkan crisis only added a new fear to the old, for until the fall of Kiamil Pasha it seemed probable that Turkey, reformed and regenerated, might now be added to the league which is "isolating" Germany.

At any suggestion that this league is a group formed for defence and for the maintenance of the *status quo*, a German critic smiles with a not unreasonable bitterness. For apart from the fact that it has enabled us to tighten our hold on Egypt, it has had two main consequences; it has opened Morocco to French "penetration," and established over Persia a Russo-British *condominium*. From neither country indeed can German capital be altogether excluded, but so far as politics can back finance—and in a weak country such backing is always decisive—Morocco has become a French preserve, and Persia in the main a Russian dependency. That is the sort of thing which should not in the German view happen "without Germany." It has so happened. Other Powers have won "places in the sun" and she has not secured the usual compensation. She can point out that all the expansions and penetrations which have oc-

curred since 1903 have profited the members of the Triple Entente. Morocco, Persia, and now a slice of Siam have been disposed of. It is true that she has definitely secured Bosnia for Austria, but that can hardly be called a new acquisition; it was part of the complicated barter of the Treaty of Berlin; the price was long since paid. For her action during the Moroccan Crisis, she would give this excuse, that she was protesting against the assumption of two Powers to dispose, by a bargain between themselves alone, of a weak State which was in a sense the ward of Europe. The conduct of Britain and France in bartering a claim to Morocco for a claim to Egypt was essentially predatory, and an offence against the concert of Europe. One may state her objection in two forms. Really what is in her mind is probably the old Bismarckian maxim, that if any Power seeks to aggrandise herself, the occasion may be turned to the profit of Germany by a process of bargaining, in which she will secure some parallel gain, some commission on the spoils. But the same standpoint is capable of a better meaning. The only check on expansive Imperialism, the only means of asserting the collective right of Europe to act as a concert to which all interests may appeal, is that every Power shall recognize the duty of consulting its fellows before it affects to dispose of the destinies of a weak people. That principle was ignored in Morocco; it was ignored again in Persia. If Germany has used her strength, now to threaten France and again to influence Russia, she was only employing the weapons that lay to her hand, so a German would argue, against the toils of a vast diplomatic intrigue which were gradually hemming her in. Had she acquiesced in its consolidation, the consequences must have been for her the loss of her prestige in the world, and

the tying of her hands while her rivals gradually divided between themselves the still unparcelled spheres of penetration, and acquired over weaker Powers like Spain and Turkey a paramount influence. Nothing indeed threatened her in her own solid central position in Europe. That she could always have held. But for how much longer, if she had sat still to be isolated, would even Austria have cared to have her for an ally? She retains the Austrian connection against the hostility of most of the Slavs and all the Magyars only by the tie of self-interest. She thought she saw some symptoms of an intrigue to detach or "debauch" even Austria from the Triple Alliance, in such demonstrations as the visit of the Eighty Club to the reactionary Magyar Independence Party, and later at the Ischl meeting. She had also to remember that the heir to the Dual Crown has pronounced Slavonic sympathies. She therefore decided that if she was to avoid total isolation, she must render to her "brilliant second" Austria some signal services on the "duelling ground" of the Balkans. Hence her intervention in St. Petersburg. Her success on that occasion, which English critics describe as an attempt to dominate Europe, was in her view only a demonstration that Germany cannot be "isolated" or "penned in" or reduced to impotence. It meant that there is one alliance which cannot be "debauched."

That, with such impartiality as the present writer can command, is the case for and against the two groups of Powers whose rivalry has made the "hush" in Europe. Each has some right on its side; both have been guilty of disloyalty to the ideal of a European concert. But, indeed, to talk of right and wrong in such debates is to misuse terms. Where the

fate of Moors and Bosnians and Persians is at stake only the Moors and Bosnians and Persians have rights; the Powers have interests. There has been played before us a complicated game in which each side may with some reason accuse the other of striving for predominance. One cannot fairly say that either party has acted simply on the defensive. Each has openly striven for self-aggrandizement. The balance of power at which we profess to be aiming, means obviously a balance which will give to the members of our coalition the opportunities for the particular act of expansion which for the moment seems tempting. In order to see the situation clearly it is not necessary to attempt to assign or to measure responsibilities. Nothing ever begins in diplomacy. Every attack is a reprisal, ever manœuvre defensive. Before each new wrong there was always some older wrong. Before Delcassé there was Bismarck. But without attempting to judge those who created the Triple Entente, one may take note of its effects upon Europe. It has riven such concert as ever existed. It has rendered impossible the discussing of any question upon its merits. No mediator, no arbiter, no neutral is left in any quarrel. It has divided Europe into two camps whose intercourse consists in the measuring of each other's armaments.

When we turn from the general European consequences to a survey of our own interests, the case is hardly better. Lord Rosebery, almost alone in England, predicted disaster when the *entente cordiale* was concluded. There is happily much to be set on the credit side of the account. We are at last emerging from our insularity, and we are forging with the French the happiest social and intellectual bonds. There is even with Russia the commencement of a like



process. For the rest it is from the Imperialist standpoint a gain that our hold on Egypt is now virtually unchallenged, and the City rejoices at the expansion of our highly speculative investments in Russia. But the first test of any alliance is the degree of security which it brings with it. For of an "alliance" we must learn to speak. The term is now employed on occasion by the *Temps*, and no one doubts that, whether or not a formal military convention exists, it is understood, and from time to time arranged, that in certain contingencies our forces will act together. Nor can the significance of the fact that General French and Admiral Fisher accompanied the King to Reval, and held there formal consultations with Russian generals and admirals, be misunderstood. The "league of peace" is a league of armed forces. A triple alliance multiplies threefold the risks which each Power incurs. It adds nothing to their security unless the combination is so solid or so strong that no rival is likely to challenge it. But unluckily, as it stands at present, the Triple Entente is markedly weaker on land than the Triple Alliance. France has to face the permanent fact of her numerical inferiority to Germany. Russia with all her millions is anarchic, bankrupt, morally divided, and subject to a ruling class which lacks both the science and the sense of responsibility of the German military caste. In a general war, it would avail little that we held the command of the seas. Our allies could not certainly secure the victory on land. We indeed might suffer little, but in the final settlement our inability to strike home would none the less leave the last word to the stronger Continental coalition. It is this corrosive calculation which ruins the *entente* from the military standpoint. Its members take unequal risks. We indeed stake our prestige, France and

Russia their territorial integrity. Hence the uneasy sense in France that the alliance is unreal and incomplete, until we elect to become a military power. Hence too the continual uncertainty whether in any real crisis Russia will stand by her partners. One may doubt whether in making the French alliance Russia aimed at much beyond the access which it gave her to the French money-market. She retains her traditional respect for the German legions beyond her almost undefended frontier. Our accession to the alliance makes that frontier no safer. The *league*, in short, is close enough to increase our anxieties and commitments—it might twice at least in the last four years have involved us in war. It makes us a factor in every Continental quarrel. Yet it gives us nothing approaching the security which Germany and Austria enjoy. We are, of course, absolutely secure in our own island while we retain our naval supremacy. But in the struggle for Continental predominance we have not at our command the instrument which would enable us to intervene with effect. For a Continental policy we need the Continental arm. The school of critics who point out that this struggle, if we are really embarked seriously upon it, may involve us, as it involved us in the days of Marlborough and Wellington, in land warfare, have an unanswerable case. But if the British public really understood that it had to choose between conscription and the Triple Entente, it would certainly prefer to return to its "splendid isolation." There are before us, while we continue our present course, two possibilities. We may take our new ambitions seriously, and in that case we shall sooner or later be forced to acquire an army. Or we may muddle on, in and out of Europe, with an alliance which is no alliance, always arming, always forcing others



to arm, cementing *ententes*, enduring buffets and bluffs, watching Europe "rattling into barbarism," until one day some intrigue at the Russian Court leaves the two Western Powers alone, and France, realizing that we can do nothing to secure her Eastern frontier, regretfully abandons a too risky connection. The isolation which would result for us would then be far from splendid.

There are other and less elementary tests to which our foreign policy must submit. No one, for example, can maintain that it has increased the security of Europe. Lord Rosebery and all the distinguished persons who endorse his every word are agreed on that, though they would doubtless throw the blame entirely on Berlin. No one can maintain that it has promoted the cause of European disarmament. Even France resented Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's effort to force this question at the Hague. Nor, while this struggle for predominance continues between the concentrated forces of the Central Powers and the straggling combination which "pens" them in, is it worthy of practical men to continue to urge a reduction of armaments by treaty. The Germans see in that suggestion only a suspect manœuvre designed to stereotype their present naval inferiority, and to guarantee, by law as it were, the supremacy which would enable us to destroy their commerce and to close to them the sea-roads which lead to their colonies. We shall make no progress with this proposal until the Germans cease to think of us as the leaders of a European coalition primarily designed to thwart their purposes and promote our own, and until by abandoning the right of capture at sea, we make our navy a purely defensive arm. Their attitude is quite indefensible from the standpoint of cold reason, but it is in all circum-

stances of the moment eminently human and natural. It is also relevant to inquire whether the Triple Entente serves the humaner purposes which all parties in this country in some degree profess. There is, for example, the question of the Congo. The leaders of that movement, after a long period of patient support, have, if one may judge from Mr. Morel's emphatic letter to the *Morning Post*, come to the conclusion that Sir Edward Grey will now do nothing effective to forward their purposes. The reason is not obscure. In the armed "hush" any decisive action may be risky or at least embarrassing. But, above all, our hands are tied by the fact that all-powerful financial interests in France are linked with King Leopold's concessions.

There remains the question of Persia. It is as yet undecided, but there are, I think, only two probable solutions. If our Foreign Office has reason for its clinging faith in Russian loyalty, Persia is destined to some shadowy national life under a *régime* comparable to that which prevailed in Egypt under the Dual Control. The Shah and the Parliament will continue their endless bickerings under some sort of constitution guaranteed by the two Powers. Every attempted infraction of it by either side will involve an appeal to the Legations. The finances and therefore the administration will meanwhile have come under foreign management. On this reading of the situation, Russia first broke the Nationalists by Colonel Liakhoff's *coup d'état* and then broke the Shah by marching on Tabriz. The joint result of these two manœuvres will be an Anglo-Russian control, and the effectual end of any real independence. But a still cruder solution is equally probable. Russia has concentrated 4000 troops in Azerbaijan—more than enough to overrun the whole of un-

warlike Persia. She holds nearly all the other northern towns, and she has pushed southwards to Urmiah. The next phase may be a blundering suicidal resistance from the Persians themselves led by their Caucasian allies. That will be the pretext for a still more extended military occupation, during which we shall all forget to ask when the new Parliament is going to meet. Russia, in short, will make of her "sphere of influence" a real dependency, and we, finding Teheran under her control, will be forced to do the like in ours. That is certainly the plan which commends itself to the Russian reaction, and it is for the moment in the ascendant. But the consequences of such a development would not be felt by the Persians alone. The Turks would bitterly resent and might even resist a prolonged Russian military occupation of Northern Persia. Already their dread of this has caused them to look with distrust upon us as the allies of Russia. They are no longer in the mood which caused them last autumn to talk of concluding a defensive alliance with Great Britain. Their inclinations are veering again towards the German connection, partly out of resentment for the comments of the *Times* and the attitude of some members of our Embassy staff during their internal crisis, but still more because they realize that the ties which bind us to Russia are stronger than the sympathies which link us to them. Here once more is a situation with which German diplomacy may, if it chooses, play. An emissary of the Persian Nationalities was told (as I have learned from his own lips) by a high personage who received him in Berlin, that Great Britain and Russia "will not be allowed" to occupy Persia. One need not dwell too literally on that promise; but it suggests possibilities if Germany were to back a Turkish protest. That dis-

agreeable development Russia can avoid only by maintaining a close friendship with Germany.

The pivot on which the whole fate of the Triple Entente turns is in short the character of the Russian Government. It has perfected the art of trading on its own weaknesses. Precisely because it is so nearly bankrupt, France dare not break the bond or cease to lend money. Precisely because we do not trust its good faith, we dare not insist on too much loyalty. For we know that the bureaucracy and the Court are always in delicate equipoise. The function of the first is to make treaties and of the second to break them. We know that if we press too hard on the letter of the Persian Agreement, the reply will be a heavy lurch in Russian policy towards the rival German camp. We never know in an emergency whether the decision will lie with the Tsar, or with a Minister whom we think that we can within certain limits trust. A more risky or less profitable partnership it would be hard to conceive. It was prematurely concluded. Had the French and ourselves but cared to wait a few months in April 1906, when Count Witte concluded the ninety million loan in London and Paris (the first Russian loan ever floated in London since the Crimean War), it is probable that Russia might have been to-day a Constitutional country. For a refusal on our part to grant any loan until the Duma (then about to meet) had endorsed it, would have placed in the hands of the Liberal majority a weapon with which they might have extorted the concession of a responsible Parliamentary Ministry. That chance has gone, and to-day, competing at every turn with Germany, it is no longer easy for us to spare any influence to throw into the popular scale. We look on unmoved, so far at least as our officially minded

press is concerned, at all the abominations of the reign of terror over which M. Stolypin presides. It is even possible for the *Times* to announce that it "reverses" the Tsar, whose complicity in the worst excesses of the "Black Hundreds" has been exposed in its columns. Our entry into the Continental system has in six brief years brought us to an almost Bismarckian cynicism. We are courting the Tsar, much as the Kaiser courted Abdul Hamid. A Power which embarks on a struggle for predominance in Europe must be prepared to dissemble its respect for liberty and to grasp any hand that may aid it. We are not the stronger for our alliances. We dare no longer speak our own minds without the fear of offending the Russian Tsar; we dare no longer implement the pledges we have given to the Persians, lest perchance some Court intrigue at Tsarkoe Selo should ruin what we call our influence.

And yet, it will be said, there were always at Berlin those restless ambitions, that readiness to resort to force, which have made half the anxieties of Europe. Were we not to combat them, and even to combine against them? One may admit a justification for a passive and defensive combination, but not for a league whose basis was the penetration of Morocco and the partition of Persia. One may admit the ideal of a Liberal group and a league of peace, but had official Russia a natural place in such a group? But the first consequence of any combination, even a sincerely defensive combination, is that it deepens all the latent antagonism which it seeks to meet, and sanctifies an aggressive temper by allowing it to assume the pose of defence. The Junker spirit, which we sought to oppose, is not eternal. By our policy of "penning-in" we have perpetuated its ascendancy in Germany. We have

*The English Review.*

helped it to enlist the middle class in its Navy League. We have helped it to crush the working class. Only because of the general sense of danger was Prince Bülow able to summon the whole patriotism of the German people to sink its party differences in an Imperialist "bloc." We have silenced every voice which might in Germany have seconded our plea for the reduction of armaments. Even the Social Democrats laugh at the patent insincerity of a pacifism which seeks, by professing disinterested aims, to snatch an advantage for itself amid a struggle for predominance. The end of this gigantic rivalry is beyond the range of our vision. It may subside by the exhaustion even of the stronger Powers. It may collapse through the difficulty, amid the general demoralization, of trusting the good faith of any ally. It may perhaps provoke the proletarian revolt to which Lord Rosebery looks forward. But the first step to any remedy is to realize that it has come about by no inevitable destiny, but by the deliberate will of individuals. Our own statesmen have done much to intensify it. We cannot with consistency deplore the fact that we are "rattling into barbarism," and in the same breath declare, without distinction of party, our blind faith in the two Foreign Secretaries who have involved us in the process. Two principles are at issue. We claim the right to dispose in our own way of certain spheres of influence, which we assign to ourselves and our allies. Germany is determined that nothing shall happen in the world without her consent. The only way to reconcile these principles is to work on the assumption that nothing ought to happen in the world without the consent of every civilized Power. We can end the war of groups only by creating a real concert.

*H. N. Brailsford.*

## THE MODERN SURRENDER OF WOMEN.

There is a thing which is often called progress, but which only occurs in dull and stale conditions; it is indeed, not progress, but a sort of galloping plagiarism. To carry the same fashion further and further is not a mark of energy, but a mark of fatigue. One can fancy that in the fantastic decline of some Chinese civilization one might find things automatically increasing, simply because everybody had forgotten what the things were meant for. Hats might be bigger than umbrellas, because every one had forgotten to wear them. Walking sticks might be taller than lances, because nobody ever thought of taking them out on a walk. The human mind never goes so fast as that except when it has got into a groove.

The converse is also true. All really honest and courageous thought has a tendency to look like truism. For strong thought about a thing is always thought about its original nature; while weak thought is always thought about its most recent developments. The really bold thinker is never afraid of platitude; because platitudes are the great primeval foundations. The bold thinker is not afraid to say of the hat that it is a covering for the head; when he has said that he knows that he has his hat and his head in the right place. The strong thinker does not shrink from saying that the walking stick is a stick with which one goes walking; then he knows that he has got hold of the right end of the stick. All civilizations show some tendency towards that weak-minded sort of progress which is mere accumulation. Some time ago a well-dressed English gentleman wore two or three waist-coats. It would be easy to be purely progressive about him, to make him wear more and more waistcoats

of different colors until he died. Some time ago a Japanese nobleman wore two swords; it would be easy to be progressive and suggest nine swords or twenty-three swords. But the strong thinker does not go forward with the flood, but back to the fountain. If once we think about what a sword is and what it symbolizes, we shall see that a man ought to have one sword because he has one right hand. And if we meditate deeply upon what a waistcoat is, it will become apparent to us, after a brief effort of philology, that a man ought not to have more than one waistcoat unless he has more than one waist. All tame and trivial thought is concerned with following a fashion onward to its logical extremity. All clear and courageous thought is concerned with following it back to its logical root. A man may make hats larger and larger and be only as mad as a hatter. But if he can quite perfectly explain what a hat is he must have the great sanity of Aristotle.

Now, in that quarrel about the function of the two sexes which has lately disturbed a section of our wealthier classes, nothing seems to me more marked than this habit of pursuing a thing to its conclusion when we have not tracked it to its origin. Many of the women who wish for votes urge their case entirely as a development from what exists. They argue from precedent, that most poisonous and senseless of all the products of our Protestant Constitution. Precedent is the opposite of doctrine. These ladies, who believe themselves revolutionary, are really moving along that line of least resistance which is the essence of the evil sort of conservatism. They say, "Men have votes; why shouldn't women have votes?" I have

met many able and admirable ladies who were full of reasons why women should have votes. But when I asked them why men should have votes they did not know.

I shall pursue here the opposite course. I shall try to start with a truth, even if it is a truism. I shall try to state the substance of suffrage, instead of pulling it out into long strings like liquorice or treacle till it reaches the end of the world. If the question stands whether a woman should have a vote, I beg leave to begin by asking what a vote is, and even (so far as the subject can be safely approached) what a woman is. But the nature of a vote is the vital and really interesting thing.

I trust that the reader will remember that I am, for the moment, the professor of platitudes. As the man seeking to preserve sanity among haters would begin by reminding them that hats have to cover heads, so I begin all statements about the vote at the humblest and most evident end. Two things are quite clear about the vote. First that it is entirely concerned with government, that is with coercion. Second, it is entirely concerned with democratic government; that is, with government by chorus, government by public quarrel and public unanimity. First, to desire a vote means to desire the power of coercing others; the power of using a policeman. Second, it means that this power should be given not to princes or officials, but to a human mass, a throng of citizens. If any person does not mean by voting coercion by the will of the masses, then that person does not know what the word means. He (or rather she) is simply stunned with one monosyllable that she does not understand. If a woman wants democracy or mob law, or even riot, I think she should be listened to most seriously and respectfully. But if she only wants the

vote, it is a proof that she ought not to have it. She should be refused just as a would-be nun should be refused who has no vocation except a wish to wear the costume.

Now this is exactly where my personal lament begins. I weep for the collapse and complete surrender of woman. People tell me that this modern movement is a revolt against man by woman. It seems to me to be the utter submission of woman to man upon every point upon which they ever disagreed. That woman should ask for a vote is not feminism; it is masculinism in its last and most insolent triumph. The whole point of view which is peculiar to man is here riding so ruthlessly and contemptuously over the whole point of view that is peculiar to woman that I cannot but regret it, though it is the triumph of my own sex. After all, I am a human being as well as a male, and my pleasure in knowing that masculine prejudices are at last prevailing is poisoned with the thought that after all women do exist, and that their present humiliation cannot be good for the common stock.

The facts themselves, of course, are clear enough. Voting, as has been said, involves two primary principles; it involves the coercive idea, and it involves the collective idea. To push and kick men into their senses, and to push with a throng of arms, to kick with a crowd of legs, that is the quite just and rational meaning of voting; it has no other just or rational meaning. And certainly the privilege should be extended to everybody, certainly the arms and legs might be of any sex, if only this were quite certainly clear and proved—that the coercive and the collective ideas are the whole of human life. But the truth is that the coercive and collective ideas are not only a mere half of human life, but have been from the beginning



a mere half of the human species. From the dawn of the world there has been another point of view, the feminine point of view, which was against mere force, but even more against mere argument. This strong feminine position has kept the race healthy for hundreds of centuries. It has never really been weakened until now.

Every good man is half an anarchist. That is, that with half his mind he feels it is a cruel and clumsy business to be always catching his fellows in the man-traps of merely human by-laws, and torturing them with ropes and rods and long terms of living burial. Coercion is necessary, no doubt; but it should be conducted in the presence of some permanent protest on behalf of a humane anarchy. That protest has always been provided by the other half of life called Society; by the enormous success with which women have managed their social empire. They have done it not without cruelty, but quite without coercion. They have made the cold shoulder as unmistakable as the branded shoulder; they have found it quite easy to lock the offenders out, without finding it necessary to lock them in. Not only is one half of the good man an anarchist, but the anarchist is his better half; the anarchist is his wife. It is the woman who stands for ever for the futility of mere rules. Women could justly contrast Society's swiftness with the law's delay. It takes such a long time to condemn a man—and such a short time to snub him. Tact is only a name for anarchy when it works well. But this free and persuasive method, for which women have stood from the beginning, has much stronger examples than any mere diplomacies of social life.

The two or three most important things in the world have always been managed without law or government; because they have been managed by

women. Can anyone tell me two things more vital to the race than these; what man shall marry what woman, and what shall be the first things taught to their first child? Yet no one has ever been so mad as to suggest that either of these godlike and gigantic tasks should be conducted by law. They are matters of emotional management; of persuasion and dissuasion; of discouraging a guest or encouraging a governess. This is the first great argument for the old female point of view, and we could never deny that it had force. The old-fashioned woman really said this: "What can be the use of all your politics and policemen? The moment you come to a really vital question you dare not use them. For a foolish marriage, or a bad education, for a broken heart or a spoilt child, for the things that really matter, your courts of justice can do nothing at all. When one live woman is being neglected by a man, or one live child by a mother, we can do more by our meanest feminine dodges than you can do by the whole apparatus of the British Constitution. A snub from a duchess or a slanging from a fishwife is more likely to put things right than all the votes in the world." That has always been the woman's great case against mere legalist machinery. It is only one half of the truth; but I am sorry to see the women abandon it.

But voting not only stands for the coercive idea of government, but also for the collective idea of democracy. And a surrender to collective democracy is even more of a feminine collapse than a surrender to regimentation and legalism. Woman would be more herself if she refused to touch coercion altogether. That she may be the priestess of society it is necessary that her hands should be as bloodless as a priest's. I think Queen Victoria would have been more powerful still



If she had never had to sign a death warrant. But although I disagree with votes for women, I do not necessarily disagree with thrones for women or imperial crowns for women. There is a much stronger case for making Miss Pankhurst a despot than for making her a voter. Among other reasons, there is the fact that she is a despot. Moderns complain of a personal voice in the Papacy; but it is odd to notice that every one of the highly modern and slightly hysterical moral and religious movements of to-day is run with the most irresponsible despotism: General Booth's despotism in the Salvation Army; Mrs. Eddy's despotism in Christian Science; and the Pankhurst despotism amongst the Suffragettes. But I do not so much complain of this. It was always plain to me that there are two principles in life, the harmony of which is happiness: the horizontal principle called equality and the vertical principle called authority. For we require authority even to impose equality. The first is life considered as a perpetual playground, where the children are under one law and should share and share alike. The second is life considered as the perpetual repetition of the relation of mother and child. I would be much more willing to give women authority than to give them equality. I can imagine that a queen might really be the mother of her people without ceasing to be the mother of her babies. She must be a despotic queen, of course; there must be no nonsense about constitutions. For despotism is, in its nature, a domestic thing; an autocracy is run like a household; that is, it is run without rules.

But voting is government conducted entirely by this other element in man; this sense of fraternity and similarity. Voting is gregarious government. The only reality behind voting is that in-

stinct of men to get together and argue; unless they can fulfil this they are unhappy. In our somewhat morbid age, when representative government has become only an unwieldy oligarchy, and when decent pleasures have stagnated into poison, there is said to be some kind of quarrel between the Parish Council and the Public House. But in a plain and happy society the Public House is the Parish Council. The townsmen argue in the tavern about the politics of the town, invoking abstract principles which cannot be proved, and rules of debate which do not in the least matter; their wives teach the children to say their prayers and wish politics at the bottom of the sea. That is the happiest condition of humanity. But in any case this is the basis of voting: the elders of the tribe talking under the tree: the men of the village shouting at each other at the "Blue Pig"; the great and mysterious mob, singing, fighting and judging in the market place. This is democracy; all voting is only the shadow of this; and if you do not like this you will not like its shadow.

Nothing is more unfair in the current attacks on Christianity than the way in which men specially accuse the Church of things that are far more manifest in the world. Thus people will talk of torture as a disgrace to the Church, whereas it is simply one of the few real disgraces of European civilization, from the Roman Empire to Francis Bacon or Governor Eyre. But of all the instances there is none more unjust than the ordinary charge against religion of being a mere ritual or routine. So, indeed, it sometimes is; but never so much as all other human institutions, especially modern institutions. Talk of clerical government becoming stiff and unmeaning! What, in heaven's name, has become of representative government by this

time? Talk of a praying machine; what could one say of the voting machine? I doubt if the dullest peasant or the most reckless brigand ever made the sign of the cross on his body with such a deathlike indifference as many a modern citizen makes the sign of the cross on his ballot papers.

So long as the vote is thus a meaningless and useless thing it is natural that women should want it. I do not say this as a traditional sneer at their unreason; on the contrary, I think their feeling is quite reasonable. If the vote means nothing it must be a mere badge; and if it is a badge it is a badge of superiority. It is exactly because most female suffragists think that it is a mere formality that they object to the public insult of being kept out of that formality. It is only when we ask ourselves what the vote ultimately means when it means anything, what democracy is when it is direct, that we discover why the folk of all ages, male and female alike, have felt that this function is rather male than female.

Women might like an unreal democracy; and they may possibly be called upon to comply with the forms of one. But they dislike a real democracy; and it is well that they do. For real democracy has its peculiar perils and exaggerations, against which woman has wisely pitted herself from the first. She hates that vagueness in democracy which tends to forget the fact of the family in the theory of the State. She dislikes the democratic tendency to discuss abstractions; or, as she sees it, the tendency to arouse discussions that have no end. To her the Good Citizen of the Revolution is best defined as the man who begins to ask unanswerable questions when it is time to go to bed. Now there is a truth and a corrective value in this attitude; the Good Citizen may really

become an uncommonly bad husband. Most men with anything manly about them can remember arguments started some weeks ago which might be going on now but for the interruption of the ladies. It is sufficient here to maintain that woman, as compared at least with man, dislikes this atmosphere of government by deafening and protracted debate; dislikes it and also distrusts it, not by any means without reason. If anyone thinks this too sweeping, it is easy to make an imaginative test. Think of any street in London at a late hour of the evening, and ask yourself in how many of the houses it is likely that the men are yawning and wondering when on earth the women will have done talking.

Thus we see that on both points—the coercive or legal conception, and the collective or democratic conception—a great part of the power and importance of woman from the first has been concerned with balancing, criticising and opposing them. It is the female, as symbol of the family in which there are no laws and no votes, who has been the permanent drag, both on the fantasies of democracy and the pedantries of law. But what shall we do if women cease to make game of us?

The immediate effect of the female suffrage movement will be to make politics much too important; to exaggerate them out of all proportion to the rest of life. For the female suffrage movement is simply the breakdown of the pride of woman; her surrender of that throne of satire, realism and detachment from which she has so long laughed at the solemnities and moderated the manias of the mere politician. Woman tempered the gravity of politics as she tempers the gravity of golf. She reminds us that it is only about things that are slightly unreal that a man can be as solemn as

Mr.  
study  
parted  
that o  
as the  
man v

that. The line of life was kept straight and level because the man and the woman were pulling at opposite ends of it in an amicable tug-of-war. But now the woman has suddenly let go. The man is victorious—but on his back. We males permitted ourselves exaggerated fusses and formalities about the art of government, well knowing that there was one at home who could be trusted to dilute such things with plenty of cold water, or occasionally even of hot water. We allowed ourselves outrageous pomposities of speech; we talked about the country being ruined if the other party won the election; we talked about the intolerable shame and anger which we felt after Robinson's speech; we talked about Jones or Smith being necessary to England. These things were not exactly lies. They were the emphatic terms of a special art which we knew was not the whole of life. We knew quite well, of course, that the country would not be ruined by politicians halt so utterly and sweepingly as it could be ruined by nurse-maids. We knew that our pain at any political speech was not actually as intense as that which a bad dinner or a curtain lecture can produce. We knew that Smith is not necessary to England; that nothing is necessary to England except that its males and females

*The Dublin Review.*

should continue to behave as such. But now, to our horror, we find that our fantastic technical language is actually taken seriously. Instead of the old strong, scornful woman, who classed sociology with skittles, and regarded politics as a pretext for the public house, we have now a new converted and submissive sort of woman. Miss Pankhurst owns, with tears in her eyes, that men have been right all along, and that it was only the intellectual weakness of woman that prevented her from seeing the value of a vote until now. This state of things throws out all the balance of my existence. I feel lost without the strong and sensible Mrs. Caudle. I do not know what to do with the prostrate and penitent Miss Pankhurst. I feel that I have deceived her, but not intentionally. The Suffragettes are victims of male exaggeration, but not of male cunning. We did tell women that the vote was of frightful importance; but we never supposed that any woman would believe it. We men exaggerated our side of life as the women exaggerated the dreadfulness of smoking in the drawing room. The war was healthy. It is a lovers' quarrel which should continue through the ages. But an awful and unforeseen thing has happened to us who are masculine: we have won.

*G. K. Chesterton.*

## HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Leslie locked and bolted his study door as soon as Stephen had departed, but his sense of injury outlived that of personal triumph, and deepened as the moments passed. That a young man who had seemed so respectful, so

thoroughly well convinced of the importance of Mr. Leslie himself, and of the great book which he was laboriously bringing to a conclusion, who had moreover, hitherto shown himself obliging, considerate, even friendly after his own fashion, should suddenly

contemplate so utterly vile and abominable an action, seemed to him inconceivable.

Mr. Leslie was so much hurt and astonished, and so full of resentment, that he found it impossible to settle down afresh to the unravelling of that knotty point, and presently rising, flung open his door and marched precipitately into the garden, where the girls were sitting on the grass. Kitty was mending one of his socks, Bess was holding forth in a grumbling tone, and with a discontented expression. It was curious how often the child wore that expression of late.

Both sisters looked up in surprise at his sudden and tempestuous appearance.

"What is the matter, Father?" cried Kitty, her mental vision blurred for the moment by a confused medley of unpleasant possibilities; monetary loss, bills of abnormal size, the alienation of his enthusiastic disciple, Raymond, being chief among them.

"What do you think?" exclaimed Mr. Leslie. "That extraordinary—most ill-conditioned—er—ruffian—wants to turn us out of doors!"

Kitty was speechless; but Bess jumped up, amazed and questioning.

"What ruffian? You don't mean Farmer Hardy?" (as Mr. Leslie nodded gravely in the direction of the house on the hill). "He—wants . . . to turn us . . . out! Not really?"

Mr. Leslie nodded again.

"He came and told me so just now."

"But why?"

"Just what I asked him: Why?"

"I don't suppose we have paid our rent regularly," said Bess meditatively, "have we? I don't remember your saying anything about it."

Mr. Leslie ran his hand through his hair with an annoyed look, and then examined his fingers as though to ascertain if they had been materially damaged by the process.

"Rent?" he said, knitting his brows. "I imagine it has always been paid with a very fair regularity. It is an insignificant matter—just a few pounds. It would seem to me quite immaterial whether Farmer Hardy received that trifling amount in one month or another. No, that supposition of yours is beside the mark."

"But did he give no explanation?" queried Bess, her voice growing higher and more plaintive as she pursued the inquiry.

"No, none whatever; he said he wished to get the place back into his own hands—a very flimsy excuse! It is practically in his own hands now. We are not much in his way, I imagine."

"Perhaps he thinks he would be likely to find us in his way soon," said Kitty, in a low tone; "after his marriage, I mean."

"His marriage would be no reason," retorted Mr. Leslie, casting a vexed glance upon her. "He is not likely to want to live in two houses, I presume, even if he is married—nor is he likely to put his wife in one house and remain himself in the other."

"Well, the girl has got an old father, and he has got an old mother—at least a step-mother—perhaps he wants to put one of them in here—or perhaps both," cried Bess with a little giggle; then suddenly relapsing into gloom. "Just think what desecration! This dear little superior house."

"No," said her father, after considering the hypothesis, "I don't think it is that—if he had any such idea, surely it would be easy to mention it. He saw, of course, that I was deeply annoyed—quite overpowered. Had he been able to justify himself he would have done so."

"Did he not try to justify himself?" asked Kitty.

"I tell you, no. The man appeared to be acting from some hidden motive

—possibly some personal grudge. I can't pretend to explain it. But one thing is quite certain. We are not going. I told him so quite plainly—he hadn't a word to say."

"Surely, father," cried Kitty, in a trembling voice, "you have too much pride—we all have too much pride—to stay on after such an insult! If he wants us to go of course we must go."

"My dear child, don't talk such nonsense. It is absolutely out of the question that I should be disturbed at present. I explained the situation, and the fellow will have to submit. Now pray my dears don't you begin to harass me on the subject," he added irritably. "I thought it right to tell you of this circumstance that you should share in my surprise and indignation. All impulses, though prompted naturally enough, I dare say, by resentment at such conduct, must, however, be conquered. Out of this house I do not budge until the last page of my book is written. Then it will be time enough to think about making changes. But, indeed, the publication of the work will very possibly lead to events which may revolutionize our whole mode of existence."

With this cryptic utterance Mr. Leslie withdrew, the girls watching his tall, angular figure in silence till it disappeared within the house. Then Bess gave a little laugh.

"The dear man is right for once," she observed. "Stephen Hardy has a grudge against us—that's the long and the short of it. But who would have thought he would have stooped to such a petty revenge?"

"Why should he have a grudge?" asked Kitty, without raising her eyes.

"Well, my dear," said Bess, simpering, "one needn't look very far for the reason. I suppose the poor wretch *had* hopes, though it was very silly of him, and of course I never gave him any real encouragement; still, he evidently

did count on connecting himself with the noble house of Leslie," she added with her favorite uncanny little cackle, "and I suppose he's furiously resentful now. I didn't think he had it in him to be so vindictive. Did you, Kitty?"

"No," said Kitty.

"I thought him quite a good sort of man in his way," went on Bess. "Just fancy his being so spiteful! It's rather a base way of paying us out, isn't it? He knows very well how poor we are, and, if he did send us packing, we should be driven into heaven knows what hovel. But I suppose he doesn't care as long as he can pay me out. *Kitty!* Why don't you answer? Isn't it plain that he has a grudge against us?"

"Quite plain," said Kitty.

"And don't you think it base and unworthy of him?"

"Most unworthy," agreed Kitty plucking idly at the grass.

"For once we think alike," remarked Bess, taking up her book again. "Well, all I can say is I hope he has the grace to feel ashamed of himself now—I'm glad father stood up to him."

"Well, I'm not!" cried Kitty, getting up quickly as she spoke. "I think it was horribly undignified. I'd rather do anything in the world than remain here at that man's mercy."

She picked up her working materials and went towards the house.

"Kitty, you are quite impossible!" Bess called out after her, and then returned to the consideration of her own peevish grievances.

What a fate was hers! Buried alive in that hole of a place—it was not much comfort to reflect that they were liable at any moment to be turned out of it. The only real admirer she had ever had turning out to be an "ill-conditioned ruffian." The only real admirer! That was the truth. Though Bess had left off holding Vavasour Raymond at arm's length, he had not

taken advantage of his opportunities. The Leslies left London without any declaration on his part, and Bess, surprised and piqued, had begun to doubt if his admiration had not, after all, been of a semi-paternal and eminently unsatisfactory nature. And there was nobody else—nor was it likely that there ever would be anybody else. Bess, for one, did not believe that her father's book would revolutionize their existence.

Kitty went up to her room and stood looking out of the window, her eyes dim with angry tears. Presently, however, she wiped these away and leaned out. She saw Sheba come out of the farm on the hill and go towards the gate, turning half-way to call out something to Mrs. Hardy, who stood in the doorway. She had divested herself of her apron and wore her hat, and was evidently on her way home. Now she passed through the gate and came out into the lane. Kitty drew back quickly, fearing that she would glance up at her window, as she nearly always did. But this time Sheba hurried past without turning her head. When she was out of sight Kitty leaned forward again. Mrs. Hardy had gone indoors, but presently Stephen appeared, and, instead of following Sheba, went round the house, and, passing through the yard at the back, emerged into the field that sloped upwards towards the wood.

It was on the chance of such an opportunity that Kitty had watched, and now she swiftly ran downstairs and out of the house, and in a few moments had come up with Stephen as he sauntered meditatively along the track which edged his wheatfield. He turned at the sound of her flying feet, but neither of them spoke until Kitty halted in front of him.

"I wish to tell you, Mr. Hardy," she began, endeavoring to speak calmly, though her voice trembled with wrath,

and her eyes positively blazed, "I wish to tell you that I am no party to my father's decision—in fact, I most strongly disapprove of it."

Stephen plucked a leaf from the hedge on his left, looked at it, and then threw it away; he made no attempt to answer.

"I wanted you to know this," went on Kitty, trying to steady her voice, "and also to set your mind at rest. Of course I know perfectly well, that, though you want to get rid of us, you have no personal grudge against my father or even my sister. I need not tell you that I know who the obnoxious person is."

"Obnoxious!" exclaimed Stephen.

"Yes," she returned hotly, "don't let's beat about the bush. You are anxious to get rid of one particular tenant—well, that one shall go. Whatever my father may say or do, nothing will induce me to stay on an hour longer than is absolutely necessary under any roof that belongs to you. Now we understand each other. If you will have the patience to wait a few weeks, Mr. Hardy, I will make arrangements."

"How do you mean—arrangements?"

"Oh, I am not quite destitute of friends," retorted Kitty, "I shall find some one to take me in till I can get a situation."

"A situation?" he exclaimed. "You?"

"I suppose you think I am not competent to earn my living," cried Kitty, "but I imagine I could teach young children, or go out as a companion. I shouldn't care if I had to be a shop girl—anything would be better than the ignominy of staying here."

She looked fiercely at Stephen, whose eyes were bent upon the ground, and continued after a moment:

"It need not be for long. Though my father refuses to move until he has finished his book, he will of course



be quite willing to give up the Little Farm as soon as it is finished."

Stephen still remained silent, and she was about to turn away, when he suddenly stopped her.

"Miss Leslie?"

"Well?"

"You used to call me your friend; you used to say that Rebecca and I helped you a little. I know it was very little, but I can truly say if we couldn't do much for you it was not for want of good will."

"Why are you throwing your favors in my teeth now?" exclaimed the girl quickly.

"God knows I've no mind to do that! I do but want to ask you for the sake of—of bygone days when we were good friends and neighbors to give up this notion."

He spoke with deep emotion, and Kitty, taken aback, gazed at him without replying.

"It's a thing," he went on confusedly, "that I can't bear to think on. Whatever I may have said or done, Miss Leslie, and whatever ye may think ye have against me, I haven't got to that yet—to drive you away from your family—to force you—*you* to work for your own bread—Can you really believe I could wish for such a thing?"

"Then what is the meaning of it?" she cried hotly. "Tell me what you do want Mr. Hardy. If it was not on my account that you wished my father to give up the Little Farm, what was your reason?"

Stephen stood stock-still, his arms hanging by his sides, his eyes, which before had eagerly scanned her face, once more cast down.

"Some things can't be explained," answered he after a pause. "You said so yourself once. Well, I say so, now. It was very ill-done of me to have asked Mr. Leslie to shift, and if I'd ha' thought you'd ever take it up as

you have I'd have cut out my tongue before doing it."

"But you did think it would be better for us to go," said Kitty, more gently. "It may not altogether be a personal reason, yet I dare say it is a good one. Perhaps—I dare say—Sheba—"

She broke off in confusion, and Stephen raised his eyes and gazed at her steadily.

"I don't want to talk about Sheba," he said. "There's no need to do that. I acted too quick just now—I thought I was doing right—but I see now it couldn't be right. If you can make up your mind to stay after what's passed, Miss Kitty, I'll put things to rights in another way. Feelings can be got over easy enough if folks set their mind to do it. Likes—and dislikes—can all be got under."

He spoke half to himself, looking straight in front of him, and with a movement that was wholly unconscious brought forward his right hand, letting the fingers close in a resolute fashion as though crushing something. If ever a man looked capable of conquering inconvenient "feelings" Farmer Hardy was he.

"We can keep out of each other's road," he added. "We needn't interfere with each other, but I do ask you, Miss Leslie, not to put such an affront on me as to go out of the place like this."

Kitty looked up, at first disposed to adhere to her determination, but, meeting his glance, her eyes fell.

"Well," she said with a sigh, "I agree I don't understand—but it is quite true that some things can't be explained. I suppose as long as the world lasts," she added, with a little dreary sententiousness, which, had it been possible to doubt her sincerity at that moment, might have reminded Stephen of Bess—"as long as the world lasts people will go on misjudging each other."

She turned away upon this; and Stephen presently pursued his solitary ramble across the field.

On the following morning Sheba found him waiting for her by the milk-house door. Having slept badly she had risen unusually early, and was surprised that he should be already afoot; no one else was about.

"I want a word with you, my girl," he said, and paused.

"What is it?" she asked quickly. "I thought you and me had words enough yesterday. I spoke out my mind plain for once. It's to be me or her."

"See here, Sheba," said Stephen, "let's understand each other. I told you the truth about Miss Leslie and me, and I told you what I tell you again—I'd be glad if she was gone. I went yesterday and asked her father to give up the house to me, and he said straight out he wouldn't do it—not for a few months anyhow. Now if they won't go willingly, I can't turn them out."

"You'd rather turn *me* out?" cried Sheba, with flashing eyes.

"No," he rejoined, "You know very well you're my promised wife, and you come first. But I have made up my mind to ask you to have patience. Mr. Leslie will leave as soon as he has finished some book he is writing. She, Miss Leslie, would go at once if I would let her. She came to me yesterday."

"Did she?" exclaimed Sheba.

"She did. She said she knew very well that she was the one I wanted to get rid of, and she'd take a situation."

Sheba laughed.

"A situation—what 'ud she be fit for?"

"Just so," returned he. "There are some things a man can't do, Sheba, and one is to turn the girl he once loved out o' doors, particularly when she's helpless and ignorant of the ways of the world. Come, Sheba,

you're my promised wife—the wife I chose for myself—won't you trust me, my maid?"

The two pairs of dark eyes looked searchingly into each other, and Sheba's face relaxed.

"You've never known me to go back on my word, have you?" he continued. "I'll be faithful to it, and to you. I'll always give you the best I have."

"The best ye have," she repeated slowly, "and what's that? Pity!"

She looked at him with a kind of agonized eagerness, as though searching for a contradiction, but Stephen did not speak, and her face fell.

"Well," she said, drawing in a long breath, "I'll try to content myself. I'd rather have the little you can give than another man's all. I'm like a beggar—thankful even for a crumb. I didn't ought to try your patience, same as I've a-been a-doing," she added humbly, "I'll not complain again. You *did* choose me—there's comfort in that thought."

They parted then, and Stephen went about his customary business.

Sheba remained very pensive, and when her morning's work was concluded, stood for some time by the open door of the dairy, gazing downwards at the Little Farm. All at once she set out with her swinging, graceful gait down the path and across the lane to the Leslies' precincts. She had descried Kitty in the garden.

"I've summat to say to ye, miss," she began abruptly.

Kitty gazed at her half fearfully, half haughtily. Many emotions were warring in Sheba's heart, and the struggle was reflected in her face.

"Stephen did tell I what passed between you an' him yesterday," she said, "an' I thought I'd step across an' put in my word. I trust Stephen, Miss Leslie."

For a moment the girl's face was

beautiful; but it clouded over when Kitty replied earnestly:—

"Indeed, you have every right to do so. He is a most honorable man."

"'Tis a pity you didn't value him better, then," she broke out. "You treated him like dirt, an' Stephen bain't the man to stand that. There's no need for you to be so condescendin' now. If ye was to ax en to forgive ye on your bended knees, he wouldn't look at you."

"Really," cried Kitty, absolutely taken aback by the suddenness of the onslaught. "I don't know how you dare say such things to me! Go away. I have no wish to speak to you any more."

"Nay, bide a bit," said Sheba, in an altered tone. "I didn't come here to insult ye. 'Twas quite t'other way round, but it drives me mad to see how ye despise us—me an' Stephen."

"I don't," exclaimed Kitty, goaded into a denial.

"You do!" averred Sheba fiercely. "I see'd it in your eyes when ye come on me an' Stephen in the Lovers' Walk that day. 'Why should *you* think me likely to be surprised?' say you, meanin' that ye'd see'd me watchin' out for en time and again. I reckon ye thought I'd put myself in his road,

*The Times.*

an' made up to en maybe—but I didn't. 'Twas him as picked me out. He did say so hisself this mornin'. 'You're my promised wife, Sheba,' he says, 'I chose you.'"

She broke off, breathless. In reality she was speaking as much to reassure herself as to confound Kitty. The latter stood silent and motionless, curiously stung by the words. After a moment she found her voice.

"I do not doubt it," she said, at length, "but I really should be obliged if you would go away now. All this has no interest for me."

Sheba retired a few paces, and then paused again, with a half puzzled expression.

"I meant well," she muttered. "I come here meanin' well. I don't know why I've been sayin' all they things. I come here to ax ye to give up any notion o' lookin' for a situation, Miss Leslie. Arter what passed between me an' Stephen this mornin' I couldn't be jealous no more."

"Jealous!" ejaculated Kitty. She tried to laugh, but some sudden emotion seemed to catch her by the throat, and, moreover, there was that in Sheba's eyes which startled her—a tortured look.

"I think I ought to go," she said.

*(To be continued.)*

## HEAVY FATHERS.

That the mothers of great men have, in nine cases out of ten, been great women is so well-worn a truth that most of us are tired of finding it underlined. That the mothers of famous women have with strange frequency left them early orphans is less generally noticed. But the curious-minded in such matters may excusably feel some wonder why it has chanced that the fathers of so many celebrated

authoresses have been such singularly selfish and trying persons.

There is "that clever dog Burney," as Dr. Johnson called him; there is the claretty-faced Mr. Edgeworth, so exasperating to Byron; there is taciturn Mr. Ferrier, brought up after the fashion of Rousseau, and no very convincing example of its success. Then, too, there is the Reverend Patrick Brontë, with his comfortless habit of taking

his meals by himself; Dr. Mitford, a "detestable humbug" even in the kindly eyes of gentle William Harness; and, finally, Mr. Moulton-Barrett, the anti-matrimonial, of whom too much has been said already, and who may, perhaps, be forgiven for indirectly supplying literature with one of the sweetest-scented manuscripts it holds, the love-letters of Robert Browning and "Aurora Leigh."

At first sight it may appear unjust to put the pleasant, successful, genial Dr. Burney in the same category as the eminently uninteresting Ferrier and the egotistical Brontë. But he possesses their common and very mischief-making quality—a lack of perception that the marked ability of their daughters entitled them to more freedom and less interference. That these were alike most devoted and submissive should by no means be forgotten when their praises are sounded, detractors being much too ready to deny the clever woman all but her cleverness.

In Fanny Burney's early diaries, the prettiest record of a merry girlhood ever put on paper, Dr. Burney figures bravely as an ideal father. Self-made in the best sense of the word, his personal charm won him friends worth making in all quarters, and when he came to London the smart world crowded his modest Poland Street drawing-room to hear the stars from the prosperous Italian Opera, unconscious of the quiet fifteen-year-old satirist taking its measure for posterity. But he was no "strass engel, haus teufel," and Fanny's sparkling letters to her dear "Daddy Crisp" bring him before us in a winning light. When the demure "Fannikin" awoke to find herself famous, with Johnson raving of his "little Burney," and Sir Joshua Reynolds so absorbed in *Evelina* that he had to be fed whilst reading it, who so proud as Dr. Burney? We may smile at the humility of her ded-

ication, but to him it was doubtless a moving example of lofty poetry:

Oh author of my being! far more dear  
To me than light, than nourish-  
ment, than rest,

Hygeia's blessings, Rapture's burning  
tear,

Or the life-blood that mantles in my  
breast.

Could my weak pow'rs thy num'rous  
virtues trace,

By filial love each fear should be re-  
pressed;

The blush of incapacity I'd chase,  
And stand Recorder of thy worth  
confess'd.

But since my niggard stars that gift  
refuse. . . .

This is probably quite enough for most of us; but, after all, the prudent young writer herself closes wisely: "Accept the tribute, and forget the lay."

How did Dr. Burney requite this reverent homage? How did he treat the girl who could amuse all England? Jane Austen's sweet Anne Elliott likened herself, as we know, to "the inimitable Miss Larolles," of *Cecilia*, and pays a glowing tribute to the writer who lived long enough to welcome *Vivian Grey* with fresh enthusiasm, and to receive Macaulay's splendid panegyric after her death. The ablest men, the most brilliant women, gave Frances Burney an ovation almost without parallel in literary history; yet, in the glad heyday of youth and success, her father's remorseless hand turned the key upon the door of her prison. That prison was the dull-est of all Courts. Thackeray has painted an impressionist picture of its dreary routine in a few swift, memorable touches; the diary of the victim has done the rest.

What glorious result did Dr. Burney, dazzled to blindness by the glitter of a crown, anticipate in vain for himself or his obedient daughter? Fanny's "niggard stars" were indeed in the ascendant when she was condemned to

the coarse tyranny of the ignorant Schwellenburg, who, when angry, "raged like a wild cat," in the place of the homage of Burke and Johnson; the mean salary of two hundred a year instead of the great sums eagerly subscribed for the novels; and, worse than all, the slight favors of the formal, frigid Queen, whose snuff-boxes and lap-dogs were her care, as a substitute for the love of her warm-hearted sisters. Gloomy is the contrast between that joyous home, echoing with noble music, and the mournful palace, roused one dreadful night to the wild laughter of a maniac on the throne.

What wonder health and spirits failed poor Fanny? What wonder that she soon began to petition eagerly for her order of release? But Dr. Burney was for a long time deaf to her timid entreaty. The possible loss of a daughter—for she was completely out of health—he could face with more equanimity than the possible loss of Royal favor. "What? what? what?" we may echo with "Farmer George" himself; yet so it was. His common sense suffered a total eclipse until it was almost too late. The jaded maid of honor who crept out to freedom after "all the Burkes" had "protested," after Boswell had stigmatized Dr. Burney's conduct as "outrageous," and Walpole and Windham had threatened to "set all the clubs on him," was not the happy-hearted girl who had "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day" so full of hope.

That history is the richer by her later diaries does not whitewash Dr. Burney. That she had her revenge by editing his own literary remains in the dismal later style which replaced the spontaneity and gay simplicity of *Evelina* was not more that he deserved. This extraordinary revolution in style, which ruined her work and made *The Wanderer* unreadable, is always as-

cribed to her attempted imitation of Dr. Johnson; but may not her long period of association with those who at best talked broken English have impaired her command of her own language? Life with Schwellenburg was more a school for saints and patient Griseldas than for the making of a novelist. We are glad to think that, despite poverty, she found so much happiness with her courteous Emigré, and we like Monsieur D'Arblay—who refused to take back the title of General, conferred by a king, from the hand of Napoleon—better than the bustling, popular father, who ended his days peacefully as organist at Chelsea Hospital, and is buried in its little graveyard. That Fanny ever blamed him, or that he ever repented his waste of her best years, there is no record. He was lucky to the last, and so much respected as a musical authority that he was on one occasion paid a thousand pounds for a few short articles upon that subject.

Richard Lovell Edgeworth was born in Pierrepont Street, Bath, in 1744, and lost no time in proving himself a chip of the old block. For, as his biographers quaintly put it, he came of a family of "men of talent marrying early and often." He began his own matrimonial ventures at eighteen, and long before he was of age had arrived at the conclusion "that the lamenting of a female we live with does not render life delightful." The "female" in question, the meek mother of the excellent Maria, might have retorted that the grandson of "Protestant Frank," raiser of a regiment for Dutch William, was quite unmindful of his duties toward her. But she was a depressed creature, dying when Maria was six, to leave her child to fall in love with the brilliant young step-mother poor Mr. Day, of Sandford and Merton fame, had hoped to make his bride. That he still continued a

slavishly admiring friendship for Mr. Edgeworth after that Don Juan had deprived him not only of Honora Sneyd, but of her sister, is, to say with the immortal Cyrus Bantam, M.C., "Re-markable!"

Mr. Edgeworth's custom of marrying heiresses made him prosperous, and it is undeniable that his abilities were well above the average. He came near to being the inventor of the telegraph and the velocipede, and exercised all sorts of educational theories upon his endless family. He was idolized by Maria, despite the drastic ordeal by hanging to which he vainly subjected the poor, under-sized child to make her grow, Mr. Day meanwhile dosing her with an abomination called "Bishop Berkeley's tar-water" to cure a weakness of the eyes! Mr. Edgeworth was a sort of Pope in his own adoring circle, and when he explained to Maria that it "was his business to cut and correct, hers to write on," she acceded with a respectful gratitude not a little touching.

If he had stopped at cutting and correcting, he might at least have done no harm; but, alas, the docile daughter, "submitted everything to her father, who frequently inserted passages." As Miss Edgeworth herself tells us that the dreadful young prig, Frank, was a fancy portrait of her father in his youth, we feel angrily that, if Mr. Edgeworth had but left Maria to do what she could do so well, without interference, her works might still have been lying on the shelves among the books we really read. Jane Austen feared that her *Pride and Prejudice*, that abiding and permanent joy, was "too light and bright and sparkling." She "thought it wanted some solemn padding," but prudently left well alone, as she had no evil counsellor at her elbow over-ready with the fatal suggestion of collaboration. Alas for Maria, her self-satisfied father

shows by the transparent egotism of his letters that, in his opinion, his reflections and moral dissertations were the best parts of her tales, and, if we compare the excellent style of *Helen*, written after his death, with parts of *Belinda*, bearing painful traces of his ponderous hand, we can understand why Maria Edgeworth has not quite maintained her place.

The truth is that she was always overshadowed by the big gentleman Tommy Moore proclaimed to be an exasperating example of the worst class of bore, whilst Byron, who, to his credit, professed a decided liking for the quiet Maria, figuring so modestly as the lioness of a London season, was out of all patience with Mr. Edgeworth's detestable habit of interrupting her whenever she attempted to show her real powers of conversation.

Of his own literary style, a single specimen is sufficient, the condescending dedication to *Patronage*, which, with all its faults, scarcely deserved anything quite as discouraging: "To the Reader. My daughter again applies to me for my paternal *imprimatur*, and I hope I am not swayed by partiality when I give the sanction she requires. To excite the rising generation to depend upon their own exertions is surely a laudable endeavor. . . ." Would a modern reviewer ever get beyond that fatal foreword?

That Maria Edgeworth had a keen sense of humor, *The Absentee* and *Castle Rackrent* delightfully proclaim; yet what are we to think of her pathetic inability to perceive that her father was, as would then have been said, "exposing himself" hopelessly by his fatuity? His fascination does not peep out between the lines of his chronicle. Yet all his wives and all his children were devoted to him, obeying his lightest wish as if it had been a royal command; and when Maria, her eyes blinded by her tears,



edited that "unstinted flood of panegyrics," the Memoirs, of which "the *Quarterly*, so savage and tartarly," excusably fell foul, it certainly never dawned on the doting daughter that her best works had been spoilt by their preposterous subject.

This gentle, pleasant woman, who spent most of her considerable earnings on her pretty step-sisters, never blamed her father for his treatment of her doleful young mother, and never thought of her work as otherwise than embellished by his "improvements." Her life was very happy and wholly unselfish, and his was wholly selfish and entirely happy. It sounds like a paradox, yet it is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

That Susan Ferrier was a unique woman one fact determines. She produced three novels, *Marriage, Destiny*, and *The Inheritance*, was paid very highly for the last two, and stopped writing altogether, despite the petitions of her publishers, "because she had nothing more to say." Why did she so early arrive at a barrenness little indicated by the length and high spirits of her striking trio of clever books? Possibly because life with a not too grateful aged parent did not stimulate her imagination enough to let it triumph over painful physical infirmities. Her father was thoroughly respected as a worthy and efficient Clerk of Sessions at Edinburgh, of so robust a constitution that he did not retire until he was eighty-four. Seized one day, at that advanced age, with an attack of giddiness, he fell against a lamp-post and cut himself. "What said old Rugged Tough? Why, that his fall against the post was the luckiest thing that could have befallen him, for the bleeding was exactly the remedy for this disorder!"

Like most famous woman writers, Susan Ferrier lost her mother early; like most of them, she made her

father her supreme object in life. Mrs. Ferrier was beautiful, and her daughter, in her youth, had her share of good looks in addition to a ready wit. There is something sad in the contrast between the fame of the books and the dreary isolation of their writer in the midst of those who, in an intellectual Edinburgh, would so gladly have given her the place she had won. "My father I never see save at meals, but then my company is just as indispensable as the tablecloth or chairs. . . . That he could live without me I make no doubt, so he could without a leg or an arm, but it would ill become me to deprive him of either, therefore *never for a single day* could I reconcile it either to my duty or my inclination to leave him." How did he requite this self-surrender? A later letter answers that question piteously: "We never have a soul. I think one or two intimate friends now and then would be an agreeable variety, but it *won't* do. Even Jane Walker in her fur cap would be taken for company."

Like Mr. Edgeworth—and he was born in the same year—Mr. Ferrier had his own way throughout his long life. Put out to nurse in a cottage after the strange custom of his day, he howled to be taken back to his foster-mother upon his return home, and was so self-willed that he was actually allowed to go back for some years. Of good family, he persisted in marrying the daughter of a small farmer, a piece of seeming imprudence justified by a disposition as charming as the face that caught the errant fancy of Burns:

Jove's tuneful dochters, three times three,

Made Homer deep their debtor;  
But, glen the body half an e'e,

Nine Ferriers wad done better.

His early letters to Susan are kindly, but her gray memoir bears little token

that he realized that her fate was not the happiest. As she says in a letter to her friend Miss Clavering, whose portrait is so lovely we forgive her even for interpolating the dreary "narrative of Mrs. Douglas" in *Marriage*, "just to hear the sound of the wheels and the jostling of the chairs does not make gaiety," for solitude in an animated crowd is sadder than in a desert. She, too, was in a prison with an eminently respectable and quite unconscious jailer, but for her there came no chivalrous D'Arblay to compensate for loneliness by an ardent if belated courtship among the golden autumn leaves and purple Michaelmas daisies of Juniper Hall.

Miss Ferrier is harshly accused of being soured and given to "moods" in her later years, but at least she did her duty with a fine disregard of self. Her level head was never turned even by the admiration of Scott, who so especially admired, her Earl of Glenfeart in *The Inheritance*, that aristocrat who objected to the heroine's taking a walk on a sunny June morning, lest she should come in to breakfast "with the cheeks of a milkmaid and the appetite of a ploughboy." Gertrude's immediate docility and acquiescence to his direful suggested substitute of "elegant employment" in her dressing-room had its parallel. Susan Ferrier herself never broke bounds even to this limited extent, and faded into a subdued old maidenhood beside the much-flattered original of her own Uncle Adam.

In passing on to the disreputable father of that kindly, noble-hearted woman, Mary Russell Mitford, the first things to be said about him are that he came of a "good old" family, degenerate scion of it as he was, and that this best and most ill-used of daughters "respected him to his dying day"—a mystery past finding out. Even Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, in her

fascinating preface to the little cow-slip-scented classic, *Our Village*, describes him aptly as "an incorrigible old Skimpole," and, indeed, unless, as we all know rather too well, Leigh Hunt certainly sat for the casual Harold, the "handsome doctor with the plain, much-enduring wife" might have been the model for the picture. "The Doctor's manners were easy, natural and apparently extremely frank," says Mr. Harness, "but he nevertheless met the world on his own terms, and was prepared to allow himself any insincerity which seemed expedient."

He was an inveterate gambler, and his first "expedient" was to spend his wife's considerable fortune in an "incredibly short space of time." Having reduced Mrs. Mitford and the "puny child with an affluence of curls" to small lodgings in Blackfriars, he characteristically bought Mary the costly and historic lottery ticket as a birthday present. That Mary insisted on the winning number, 2224, because the figures combined amounted to her own ten years, won her twenty thousand pounds, but, alas, they soon followed the fifty thousand of her mother. A specially built house, carriages, servants, porcelain with the Mitford arms—all these things piled up the load of debt never lifted from the frail shoulders of one industrious girl. Honest and unselfish as she was, she could yet write to "her darling" the most touching letters, full of undeserved love and inexplicable admiration. Amid the importunate tradesmen and "angry tax-gatherers," she can always find solace for her pain among her flowers. Vainly she pleads to the gay butterfly to return from London to the home near Reading. She tempts him prettily with accounts of the glories of her hyacinths, peonies, or azaleas, and sometimes scarcely knows where to address her letters.

"The old brute never informed his

friends of anything. All they knew of his affairs, or whatever, false or true, he intended them to believe, came out in his loose, disjointed talk." He had apparently no polite scruples as well as no morals, for he once left poor Mary at a resplendent mansion in the North, where they "sat down sixty-five to a dinner entirely served on plate," and refused her plaintive petition to return and escort her home. "Mr. Ogle is extremely offended," writes the poor martyr to the parental vagaries. "I implore you to return. I call upon Mamma's sense of propriety"—frail reed—"to send you here directly. Little did I suspect that my father, my beloved father, would desert me." At last he comes, but it is always the same piteous tale Mary's true friends—and she had many—read between the lines of those letters written under "great syringas in full blossom," and perfumed with the flowers.

Well might she say that "friendship was the bread of the heart," as she touched, always with dignity, on her pecuniary troubles in her letters to Elizabeth Moulton-Barrett in the darkened invalid chamber so soon to be exchanged for freedom and Italy. It was the same to the end. We find her "straining every nerve" to pay for "cows and a dairy" for the outrageous old trifier, who once moved her to a perfect passion of gratitude by a promise to get "some employment"—needless to say never fulfilled. The hundreds she incomprehensively received for her forgotten tragedies, when *Our Village* had raised the circulation of the *Lady's Magazine* read by Shirley and Caroline Helstone, were but drops in an ocean of selfish expenses. Very soon she wrote to her trustee imploring him to sell out the small remnant of her fortune. "My dear father has been very improvident, and is still irritable and difficult to live with, but he is a person of a thousand virtues

. . . and if the money be withheld my dear father will be overthrown, and I shall never know a happy hour."

It may be harsh to say candidly that until the Doctor's decease, and the meeting of his liabilities by a public subscription (!), she never had peace of mind or respite from the slavery of overwork. It is good to know that her cheerful spirit found happiness for her later years in her cottage at Swallowfield, where Charles Kingsley was a constant visitor, and the young James Payn delighted in the quaint little old lady who "talked like an angel." *Julian* and that *Rienzi* which we are so glad to know "resulted in a stout pony and chaise" for Miss Mitford lie in the dusty limbo of dead plays; but, fragrant as her own sweet-briars and clove carnations, her memory "smells sweet, and blossoms in the dust," and linked indissolubly with her story of self-sacrifice is the remembrance of its unworthy object. It is too late for scolding, or "tongue-banging," as it is called in *Our Village*, but to forgive Dr. Mitford is impossible. He does not appear even, like the "Corsair," to have "linked one virtue with a thousand crimes."

To speak in the same breath of the upright father of perhaps the most wonderful family any man ever had is unfair, for the Reverend Patrick Brontë was a man of much stoical virtue. "His opinions of life might be often both wild and erroneous, his principles of action eccentric and strange, his views of life partial and almost misanthropical, but not one opinion he held could be stirred or modified by any worldly motive." Mrs. Gaskell's estimate is a true one, and she adds that she has mentioned these salient traits as searchlights on the characters of Charlotte and that amazing Emily of whom the latest exponent of the so-called "Brontë mystery" would have us believe that she

never wrote her lonely masterpiece at all, and that her sister's heartrending preface to its later edition was therefore but a clever literary fraud.

The fragile mother died young, her prim sister watching over the delicate brood, and supplementing the father's Spartan treatment with "endless tasks of sewing." He "wished to make them hardy and indifferent to eating and dress"; but, though his system easily produced the indifference, the health never came with it. He gives a picture of their uncanniness startling enough when he tells us of an examination conducted by himself when the eldest child was but ten. He asked the tiny Anne, aged four, what she most needed, and the poor mite's answer was, "Age and experience"! Charlotte, a little older, pronounced "The Bible the best book in the world, the next best the book of Nature." Maria, the little martyr at Cowan Bridge, thought the best way to spend time was "by laying it out in preparation for a happy eternity"; and the stern Emily, on being questioned as to the right punishment for a naughty child, said, "First reasoning, and then, if useless, whipping."

What they all needed was tenderness, indulgence, and these the solemn father had no power to give. Self-control was his fetish, and when we hear of his "desolation" after Charlotte's death we feel impatient at his obstinate reserve when the passionate woman beside him was pining for sympathy and affection. "The solitude of my position fearfully aggravated its other evils." "Some long stormy days and nights there were when I felt such craving for support and companionship as I cannot express."

Did he dine with her even on the terrible night when she returned after the death of her last sister, when the dogs came about her with "strange

ecstasy," as if they believed their loved mistresses sure to follow, and the agony "that had to be endured" possessed her soul in torment? If he had broken his inviolable rules, surely she would have thankfully recorded it. Yet, when they were alone in dreary Haworth, they neither walked nor ate together, and it did not seem to dawn on the adamant old man that the bird in its cage was drooping for lack of freedom.

What wonder that Charlotte at last rewarded her faithful lover? But what cruelty did her father inflict upon her before the day when, in her soft muslin, she "looked like a snowdrop" at the altar? Even when his reluctant consent had been wrung from him, at the last agitated moment on the wedding morning he "announced his intention of not going to church," and a nervous old governess gave away the bride who was the most famous woman in England.

"*Qu'en dites-vous?*" Thackeray's quick question to her as she moved so timidly through an admiring crowd so eager to behold the writer of *Jane Eyre* that it forgot for a moment even the writer of *Vanity Fair* recurs to the mind. Clearly he cared more for praise from her than from all the intellect and rank present on that memorable occasion, yet at Haworth she was of such small account.

Mr. Brontë lived to a great age, respected by all, and loved by none as by the submissive daughter whose fiery spirit was held in such stern check by her strong sense of duty. We may wonder if he was ever haunted by a vision of a pale, slender form clinging to the husband of a few short months with the cry of despair to God: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us. We have been so happy." Did he regret that he might have let her be happy so much sooner?

## MODERN DUTCH PAINTING.\*

"The word 'school' as applied to painting," writes J. Henry Middleton *sub voce* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is used with various more or less comprehensive meanings. In its widest sense it includes all the painters of one country of every date—as, for example, the Italian school. In its narrower sense it denotes a group of painters who all worked under the influence of one man—as, for example, the "school of Raphael." In a third sense it is applied to the painters of one city or province, who for successive generations worked under some common local influence and with general similarity of design, color, and technique—as, for example, "the Florentine school," "the Umbrian school." And the writer concludes, "The existence of defined schools of painting is now almost wholly a thing of the past."

It is interesting to consider how far the recent history of Dutch art confirms or infirms this judgment. Those enthusiasts who reverence Whistler the critic equally with Whistler the painter would have to go much farther than Professor Middleton, and maintain that rightly considered there never were schools of painting, and that even in its widest significance Middleton's use of the phrase is a nonsense. "Learn," wrote Whistler, "that there never was such a thing as English art. You might as well talk of English mathematics. Art is art, and mathematics is mathematics." The italics are ours. The sentence means, if it means anything, that painting is as impersonal, as independent of temperament and individuality as are mathematics—an art as a science. A proposition which we may merely dismiss as absurd.

If there are individual temperaments to be reckoned with, there must be national temperaments also. Nowhere do we seem to run up against this last more distinctly than in the history of the art of the Low Countries: a temperament which in a certain plodding sobriety it displays seemingly appeals to a strain of like character in us; for which reason probably Dutch painting has almost always been popular in England, though not perhaps generally the highest order of Dutch paintings, nor with the higher order of English intellects. In English taste, however, more especially in matters of art, there are so many contradictions that it would be rash to attempt to account for them. It is safer to take refuge behind a *dictum* of Richard Muther, the chief historian of contemporary art in Europe, who, apropos of Charles Keene, writes that in him the English "reveal that complete singularity which distinguishes them from all other mortals."

Ruskin's criticism must have tended to turn his generation away from Dutch art; and Ruskin knew little or nothing of the latest developments of the latter: the work of what the author of "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century" calls the "Hague school" and its successors. Yet the painters of Holland have never lacked nor lack to-day admirers here, as the collection of the late Sir John Day bore witness, and not less the prices obtained at the sale thereof. Another great collector of modern Dutch art was Mr. Staats Forbes, from whose collection several pictures are reproduced in the work before us. At this moment some fine and representative works of Josef Israels, Anton Mauve, and of Jacob and Matthew Maris are on loan at the National Gallery; and a larger number

\* "Dutch Painting in the Nineteenth Century." By G. Hermine Marius. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. London: De La More Press, George St., Hanover Square. 1908.



of Israels and Matthew Maris are on view at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. The visitor whose associations with Dutch art—abstraction made of the great names of Rembrandt and of Franz Hals—were with the minute and *terre-à-terre* painting which delighted our grandfathers, the painting of the Maeses, the Metsus, the Terburgs, the Teniers, would find it difficult to believe that the modern "Hague school" had its birth in the same country. But if he wished to be more "modern" still he would go on to watch the imaginative vein which distinguished Dutch painting in the sixties and the seventies toppling over into pure fantasy in the later work of Matthew Maris, and at last into something like insanity in Vincent van Gogh. He might be tempted then to conclude that imagination was too dangerous a merchandise for the land of dunes and canals, were it not that the same type as Van Gogh's, of half-insanity in art, is nowadays very fully represented by other names, is common in certain Paris exhibitions, and is in no way a stranger to some of our own. As certain as that the influenza found its way into Western Europe in '89, the year of the French Exhibition, is it that within the last ten years whole classes or schools of artists have been attacked by an epidemic of fantasy, an itch to outrival one the other in extravagance which seems not compatible with mental equilibrium.

With this latest phase, the Van Gogh phase of Dutch art, we need not at present concern ourselves. We turn to Mr. Marius' pages first to find traces of a natural transition from the painters of the seventeenth or early eighteenth century and those who are our contemporaries, or who have but lately left us. There are not many such signs. The latest of the older Dutch "masters," meaning by that

painters of whom the world knows aught, died before the middle of the eighteenth century. When Mr. Marius' book opens on the art of the nineteenth we find that English influence counts for a great deal in the painting of Holland. Charles Howard Hodges, whom Mr. Marius speaks of as a "painter of great importance" in Holland at the beginning of this century, was himself an Englishman by birth. His work bears most resemblance to that of Lawrence, of whom, if he has not the charm, he is almost the equal in the "easy, fluent modelling" which Lawrence inherited from his greater predecessors. Another Dutch painter was as well known here as in Holland in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. This was Jan Willem Pieneman, who painted a Battle of Waterloo in 1819-22. During the greater part of this period he was the guest of the Duke of Wellington and made in England studies for most of his figures. If this picture makes a concession to Dutch sentiment in that in the foreground we see the Prince of Orange borne wounded from the battlefield, the glory of the work falls on the Duke, the central figure, who looks "like an equestrian statue" rather than a commander in the thick of a battle. Engravings of this picture were very frequently to be seen in England half a century ago. "It would be impossible," says Mr. Marius, "to write the history of Dutch painting in the nineteenth century without naming Jan Willem Pieneman as its founder, even though it were only because he was the valued master of Josef Israels." These last words, however, show where in the author's opinion lies the chief interest of the book before us. We may therefore pass over the respectable if commonplace portraits of the two Pienemans (Jan Willem the father and Nicolas the son) and the hardly respectable religious pictures of



Cornelis Kruseman (much on a level with our Herberts and Eastlakes), the pretty romances of Jan Kruseman and his portraits, which are much more meritorious, to arrive at the "new movement" of the sixties and seventies in Holland, which has so close a resemblance to that other new and mighty movement in French art implied in the name of the "Barbizon school."

Only three classes of intermediate Dutch art may claim a moment's attention. The first is the work of Ary Scheffer, a painter so celebrated in his day, so slightly esteemed in ours. Scheffer was German by origin, and his work and fame lay chiefly in Paris. Heine's saying that Scheffer "painted with snuff and green soap" is now the thing best remembered about him, but in fact this phrase appears in the midst of a highly laudatory notice. "His enemies say that he paints only with snuff and green soap: I do not know how far they do him an injustice." That is of course a characteristic touch of Heine's sly malice. But there is no doubt that Scheffer excited a genuine enthusiasm in this critic. In the "Allgemeiner Augsburg" of 1831 Heine devoted a chapter to the praise of "Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel," Scheffer's most celebrated picture, and his "Faust." The large "Gretchen at the Fountain" and the certainly beautiful "Paolo and Francesca" by Scheffer are in the Wallace Collection. The National Gallery possesses his "Augustine and Monica," the gift of Mrs. Robert Holland. Marius says that the women so doted on Scheffer that it became an act of courage to publish any hostile comment on his work. This work is at once so purely literary and so ultra-sentimental as to be out of sympathy with our realistic age. Yet it has its place alongside of, and on the whole superior too, the product of the Munich

painters, Scheffer's contemporaries. In this case we have a curious example of blood, of national character, determining the "school" to which a painter really belongs. In catalogues Scheffer is often spoken of as of the "French school"; but he was German to the finger-tips. He was deficient "in that pictorial quality which," says our author, "we Dutch regard as the one and only essential of good painting," and which, be it said, the Germans have rarely so regarded. For in the most notable of their modern artists, Böcklin, that is still the quality most lacking.

The two other classes of Dutch pictures intermediate between the earliest nineteenth-century work and The Hague school, which cannot be passed over, both seem inspired directly by the work of the seventeenth century. One is a series of landscapes of varying but distinguished merit, in which much of the old tradition survives. There are landscapes with cows by H. van de Sande Bokhuizen, seascapes by Schotel and Meijer, trees by B. C. Koekkoek and Bilders the elder (John). In one case, "The Old Mill," by Nuyen, we seem to light upon original genius; but Nuyen died in his twenty-seventh year and the hopes which he raised were unfulfilled. Behind him, but still more, much more, behind all the others seem to stand greater shades, the Hobbemas, the de Konincks, the Van der Velde, the Cuyps, the Van Goyens. In like manner the de Hooghs, the Metsus, the Terburgs stand behind the pictures of another modern school (our third class) of small *genre* subjects and interiors, the *doorkijkjes*, to use the name given to a special type of vista picture showing two open doors and the court between. The names associated with this ancient-modern *genre* art in Holland are Hubert van Hove, Petrus Franciscus Grieve, and David Bles. An earlier

production, ranging from the beginning of the century, came from a large family, the Van Os, whose work extends into the sixties. With Auguste Allebé (1838-80), especially in his "Well-watched Child," we seem suddenly to awake in a new era.

We have seen that the author of "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century" not only, as every patriot is bound to do, attributes a distinctive character to the painting of his countrymen, forming out of it a "school" in Professor Middleton's widest acceptance of the term; but that even in recent years he distinguishes "The Hague," "the Amsterdam," and other schools within the narrow limits of his country. He is half conscious that there seems hardly room for such "In our little Holland," but urges that in general Amsterdam and The Hague differed so greatly in their methods of painting that the distinction is justified. And then he goes on to claim for this Hague school, and to claim justly, that its name expresses "the loftiest point reached by Dutch painting since the seventeenth century." We have in England played with the name of "school" even in recent years: we have had our St. John's Wood school and such like. Almost the only legitimate application of the term with us is to the Norwich school—that is, if really distinctive character and influence be demanded. And that takes us back to the beginning of last century. In France, however, in the fifties and sixties had come into being an artistic movement and a body of production which more than any others of this century seem to justify the use of the word school as applied to their authors. This it need not be said is the Barbizon school. What is not easy to determine is whether Mr. Marius' "Hague school" is to be regarded as a movement by itself, or whether it were not really an outgrowth from Barbi-

zon, an offshoot of the one great and distinctive school of modern France.

The great men of the revival of a high art in Holland are Josef Israëls, the three Marises, Anton Mauve (all these names are well known in England), and the less known Bosboom and the younger (Albert) Bilders, who are also less distinctly "Haguean" in their workmanship. But the last of these (he died at twenty-four before he had time to realize his ambition) was perhaps the earliest to stretch out toward that new tone of coloring, that point of departure which definitely turned its back upon the brown-sauce tradition of ancient Dutch art: "he gave the formula" for a quality of coloration which had not yet come into existence." "I am looking" (Bilders wrote) "for a tone which we call colored gray, that is a combination of all colors, however strong, harmonized in such a way that they give the impression of a warm and fragrant gray." And again: "To preserve the sense of the gray in the most powerful green is amazingly difficult, and whoever discovers it will be a happy mortal." This indeed was written in 1860; and as Corot was at the time sixty-five years of age it sounds no remarkable discovery. But there seems no reason to suppose that Bilders knew Corot's work. For in the same year the painter speaks of the revelation which were to him a group of French painters (including several of the Barbizon school) whose work had just been exhibited at Brussels, "a revelation," adds our author, "which the painters who came after him received in the same manner":

"I have seen pictures," he wrote, speaking of Brussels, "of which I had never dreamed and in which I found all that my heart desires, all that I nearly always miss in the Dutch painters. Troyon, Courbet, Diaz, Dupré, Robert Fleury have made a great im-

pression on me. I am a good Frenchman, therefore; but, as Simon Van den Berg says, it is just because I am a good Frenchman that I am a good Dutchman, since the great Frenchmen of to-day and the great Dutchmen of the past have much in common. Unity, restfulness, earnestness, and, above all, an inexplicable intimacy with nature are what struck me most in these pictures. There were certainly also a few good Dutch pieces, but, generally speaking, when you place them next to the great Parisians, they lack that mellowness, that quality which, so to speak, resembles the deep tones of an organ. And yet this luxurious manner came originally from Holland, from our steaming, fat-colored Holland! They were courageous pictures; there was a heart and a soul in them."

In the passage quoted from Bilders there is no mention made of the greatness among the Barbizon men. But the work of the greatest Hague painter, Josef Israëls, suggests more than that of anyone else the influence of Jean François Millet. The two were almost contemporaries. Israëls was yet later than Millet in finding his proper vocation. "Israëls first realized himself," writes an admirer, Max Lieberman, "at an age when most painters have already produced their best work; and had he had the misfortune to die at forty, Holland would have been unable to boast of one of her greatest sons."

Zandvoort, a fishing-village, was Israëls' Barbizon. He went there for his health, and stayed in the house of a shipwright, whose domestic life he shared. "Here, far from studios, painters, and the precepts of his masters, he began to observe for himself the daily routine of the fisherman's life"; even as Millet was in Barbizon observing the round of existence among his peasants. It is not possible to believe, however, that these two inspirations went on side by side quite

independently; as by 1856 much of Millet's work had been given to the world. We cannot then credit Israëls with the same sort of genius, with being the same sort of epochal man that was the Barbizon painter. But in many points of technique the Dutchman has the advantage. Israëls' coloring is not always satisfying; in many cases his pictures have a *voulu* dulness; in others—as, say, in his "Grace before Meat"—there is something of weakness in the yellows and blues. At times, however, he shows himself a really great colorist; and no better proof of this could be given than the "Dutch Fisher-girl" at this moment (while we write) on exhibition in the French Gallery. The complexion of the girl reaches the high-water mark of color-handling; such as we see indeed in the best work of the English Millais, but was beyond the reach of Millet of Barbizon.

The revolt against literary art and against the criticism of art from a purely literary standpoint (such as Ruskin was guilty of when he dealt with Pre-Raphaelite painting) has carried the present generation too far in the opposite direction. We are apt to ignore not alone the literary but the intellectual element in painting. Nothing, on the other hand, could better illustrate what the words "intellectual element" mean than a comparison of the work of the elder Israëls with that of Millet. The subjects chosen by the two artists seem exactly parallel. The one has his wood-cutters, sowers, winnowers, potato-gatherers, shepherds and shepherdesses, his gleaners; once or twice, but most rarely, he steps into an almost lyrical art as in his "Angelus." Israëls has his fisher-folk, sometimes abroad, oftenest in their cottage homes, at grace, crouched before the fire; his philosopher with a guttering candle; his women sitting idle; his women making pancakes; and

in such pictures as "The Drowned Fisherman" he becomes in his way lyrical too. Yet the greatness of result in Millet is wanting in Israëls; and it is difficult to say where lies the defect in the Dutch painter. There is a something of intellectual power, something of intense sincerity which we miss in Israëls. The result is that while we enjoy each individual work of Israëls', the cumulative effect of the whole is wanting. There is no epic grandeur here as in the Frenchman. One felt that when brought face to face with a tolerably large selection of Josef Israëls' work in the French Exhibition of 1900. One felt, too, that his smaller canvases were the best; at that exhibition some were very large, and left on the memory an impression of gloomy space round some one figure, which was rather exaggerated than deeply impressive. On the other hand, as we have said, Israëls is capable of high achievement as a colorist, and in mere technical excellence each picture taken in itself is often a wonder. Take, for example, the "Grace before Meat," as that is now on exhibition in the French Gallery. Though the color-scheme leaves something to be desired, the atmosphere and lighting of the cottage are given with extraordinary subtlety. In no way inferior is "The Sexton and his Wife," which was formerly in the collection of Mr. Staats Forbes. Among Mr. Marius' illustrations are "The Woman at the Window," from one of the galleries in Rotterdam, and "When a Body Grows Old" in a private Dutch collection. The former is one of the most Millet-like of Israëls' peasant poses: it is full of character and individuality. The second, on the other hand, like "The Philosopher," at present in the National Gallery, is, so far as the figure goes, rather conventional: it is a study of surroundings or *ensemble*—a picture in fine not a subject.

This is of course (as we have already said) in accordance with modern theory; in accordance with the principle on which Willem Maris, though he is a modern Paul Potter, said, "I never paint cows, only effects of light." And if it were replied that Josef Israëls' effects of light are too often of interiors and have a certain monotony, there exist also by him—putting aside his more dramatic fishing scenes—some very charming idylls of out-of-door color, such as his "Children of the Sea" in the Municipal Museum in Amsterdam. His gamut therefore is wide. And if we cannot compare Israëls with such a unique genius as Millet, whose name has power to weld into an imposing whole the painters of the "Barbizon school," and serves to raise that school above the level of common experience in modern art, nevertheless Israëls, along with the great men his contemporaries, the Marises and so forth, makes up a group or school who hold their own against any other modern group in Europe save the Barbizon: hold their own against (say) the *plein-air* painters, or those who gathered about the atelier of Manet on Montmartre or have followed the steps of Monet.

Mr. Marius does not fully include Jacob Maris in his "Hague school." We have already said that there is something factitious in that classification. No doubt the reason why the author of "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century" wishes to keep Israëls and Jacob Maris apart is that they have been rather like rivals in their influence. As the German students used to dispute over the rival merits of Michael Angelo and Raphael, or as men have done with Velasquez and Rembrandt, "so in our day," says our author, "they did and do over Josef Israëls and Jacob Maris":

"Israëls was the first to give us," he goes on, "life and living man in con-

flict with every phase of life, psychology in short. Jacob Maris was the first to give us in our day color, the joy of color revealed in the gladness of Holland's skies and cities and fields, color in light, color in shade. . . . All that he sought to achieve he achieved fully; he was in harmony with his conception; he was one with his art. This cannot always be said of Israëls, that lies outside the painter's art, something that may be classified as metaphysical."

We have hinted that we cannot endorse all that is here said in praise of Israëls. We believe, on the contrary, that the latter's failures spring from a vague hope or an unconscious effort to absorb more than he was capable of out of the genius of Millet's inspiration. There is something of Israëls' Jewish origin in this, a sort of (be it said in no harsh sense) acquisitiveness spurred beyond the real capacity for acquiring—even as behind the matchless technique of Brahms we detect every now and then an extra desire, the desire to appropriate what is of Beethoven. Of Jacob Maris, on the other hand, our author speaks justly. And because Jacob's aims were more simple and in their measure more sincere, his achievement leaves less room for comment. It is among the misfortunes of all art that the more perfect it is in its kind, the less it calls for criticism. "Good wine needs no bush." Of a good picture you can say little more than that it is good; concerning an odd picture you can write a chapter. And before we come to the end of this article we shall see the fatal effects on modern art which have sprung from this difference: how to gain notice goodness has more and more to be put aside as the artist's aim, oddity sought out more and more. Jacob Maris in his turn came back to Holland with his eyes purged by the Barbizon school. "It was with him

as with another less known modern Dutch landscapist, Willem Roelofs. But Roelofs never threw off the French influence; Jacob Maris did so. To him had been revealed not so much the masters of Barbizon and their works, but the essence of the lowlands of Holland." No other Dutch painter, Mr. Marius thinks (leaving Bosboom out of the question), brought forth about 1870 any work in which "the essence of our Dutch atmosphere and landscape are so exquisitely reproduced" as in Maris' "Ferry Boat," which once and for all marked the return to sheer painting.

Thus Holland seemed to come to her own again. For, after all, the painting of pure landscape is a Dutch invention. It passed over to England and underwent there endless modifications, the history of which Richard Muther has traced in his excellent history of modern painting. Not much of the original inspiration, for instance, remains in the fluid decorative landscape of Gainsborough. Yet it was from England, and through Constable, that a definite, solid, and "real" landscape made its way back to France, and then, as we have seen through the Barbizon painters, to Jacob Maris and his contemporaries. Mr. Marius is not afraid to compare the modern painter with Jan Vermeer of Delft, nay he writes:

If we mention not only Vermeer but also Rembrandt and Jacob Maris in one breath we must remember that they who shout "Rembrandt! Rembrandt!" the loudest, without being impressed by Jacob Maris' greatness, would certainly have belonged to those who in Rembrandt's own day most violently reviled him, or for lack of understanding denied him. And yet if our delight, the nature of our emotion in the presence of Jacob Maris is less intense than in that of Rembrandt, it is the same insatiable feeling.



Moreover, this Maris has not confined himself to landscape. We have here a charming reproduction of his, "A Little Girl at the Piano," which is in a private collection at Amsterdam, of his "Cradle," which is at Arnhem, and "The Bird Cage," which was the property of Mr. Forbes.

Though Jacob Maris is, then, more purely and simply a painter than Israëls, a question arises even with him whether we are to regard his art solely as a stage in the history of Dutch painting, or to refer it to wider influences. What relation does it bear to the *plein-air* work in France? In respect of Maris' landscape very little, though some of the blue-green herbage of France seems to have found its way here into a country where it is not indigenous. In respect of such a picture as "The Bird Cage" outside inspiration is more suggested. Of Willem Maris the same must be said. His work is less striking and less varied than that of his elder brother. But if there were no Jacob and no Matthew, Willem would take a very high place in modern Dutch art. He has followed a national tradition in painting a great number of landscapes with cows; though, as we saw by a quotation, he himself denies having painted cows or anything but effects of light. A reproduction in this volume of Willem Maris' "Luxurious Summer" suggests (only the original could show) with what mastery this aim of his has been achieved. There is a pleasant little anecdote related by Mr. Marius which brings Willem Maris into relation with Mauve. Young Maris was then nineteen:

Mauve has told how at Oosterbeek a pale, delicate little lad came up to him and modestly asked leave to introduce himself and to accompany him, so that they might work together. "At first," says Mauve, "I did not feel much inclined to agree, but I did not like to

refuse the little fellow flatly, so we went off together. My companion did not suffer from loquacity; and, coming to a field that had cows in it, I sat down to go on with a drawing I had begun that morning. The little chap strolled round a bit and then settled down to work himself. We sat there for hours under the pollards, until I grew curious to see what the little fellow was at. He sat sketching with a bit of chalk; but oh! I stood astounded. I seized him by the hand and stammered in my turn, 'My boy, what an artist you are! You stagger me! It's magnificent!'

The author continues in criticism:

Even as with Jacob, so for Willem, a painting has always been a material reproduction of a momentary aspect of nature. His glorious ditches with their waving reeds, with the gold-green duckweed, so full of rich color, are the synthesis of a series of close observations of such a character that their expression, synchronizing with the painter's mood and with an impregnable truthfulness, presents a scene, simple in itself, so marvellously that we learn through it to see and admire nature. Willem Maris is the last of the great lyrical painters of our time. His sentiment is what it was in the glorious days of 1880 to 1890, and there is none to approach him in that artistry in which every point of view at once becomes lyrical.

The last sentence is somewhat obscure; possibly like others it has suffered at the hands of the translator. But the expression "lyrical painters" is a just one. Of Millet pre-eminently, but of all the Barbizon painters more or less, certainly of Troyon with his monumental kine, we may say that the inspiration is epic. The painting of Manet and his school is epic likewise—a realistic epic, the counterpart in paint of Zola's in prose. In the *plein-air* painters, passing on to the impressionists we get from the outset a lyric impulse more or less varied, more or



less tame, more or less deep, more or less shrill, till with the newest school of all it sharpens into a shriek. Anton Mauve is far from this last development. Without question he is one of the most delicate and charming among the Dutch painters of our day. And the general picture-lover enjoys at this moment a good opportunity of appreciating Mauve's charm for his "Abreuvoir" or "Horses Drinking," one of Mauve's best-known works, is on exhibition at the National Gallery. It is a picture of immense refinement; the pellucid air which bathes the scene can almost be felt. One hardly likes to make it a reproach to the author that the blues and greens are not quite native, are hardly such (one cannot help thinking) as a Dutch eye if left to itself would have been able to see—the blue of the rider's dress—the blue-green of the willows and of the herbage generally. Be that as it may, it is a complete poem in color; as, indeed, are almost all Anton Mauve's pictures, of which one or two, "Ploughing" and "Winter," are well reproduced in Mr. Marius' book.

Matthew Maris again may be excellently appreciated in the exhibition of his paintings which, while we write, is on view in the French Gallery (Pall Mall); for the selection passes on from his early and exact work, such as "The Young Cook" or "The Girl at the Well" (not very early work, but still quite simple and direct), to the opening of a more imaginative vein in his "Butterflies" (though the picture here given is, we believe, only a replica), to such dim and fantastic works as his "Enchanted Wood" and "Enchanted Castle." The collection includes too Matthew Maris' beautiful "Lady of Shalott." But though, as we have said, these works are representative, they will hardly express Matthew Maris' genius to any but to those to whose mind they serve to recall a

long series of the artist's pictures, various in character but in many cases of an extraordinary *maitrise*; or others of a peculiar charm. Matthew Maris' "In the Slums" is of the same class as "The Girl at the Well," but a stronger piece of work. And there is nothing in this exhibition which at all approaches the merit of the magnificent "Three Mills" of Sir John Day's collection, or of the "Souvenir of Amsterdam," which is reproduced in Mr. Marius' book in photogravure as a frontispiece. The only picture which resembles this particular order of excellence in Maris' work is the "Montmartre" in the French Gallery. "Sisky," which is reproduced here, is the same painter tending to a weaker vein as in his "Butterflies," which has, too, the characteristic tightness of the *plein-air* painting amid which Maris was thrown in the early seventies. It is known that Mr. Matthew Maris now lives in England. His reputation has been long established. But he has more and more of late years turned to a fantastic and sketchy art in which his admirers see untold depths of imagination, but the soberer critic a good deal of weakness.

A Dutch painter better known possibly in England and in France than any of the moderns we have mentioned, better known maybe than Josef Israëls himself, is Mesdag, whose sea pieces and boats—"Scheveningen Harbor" or what not—have year after year held their place on the walls of the French *salons* and frequently been seen in this country. Mesdag seems to stand outside any school. There is no reason why he should not have drawn his inspiration direct from his fathers in painting, the seascapists of the seventeenth century. But he is completely modern in style, and nothing would surprise the eye more than the sight of one of Mesdag's pictures hung among a collection of William Van de

Veldes and of Van de Neers. Mesdag's monotony is entirely Dutch. The author of "Dutch Art in the Nineteenth Century" complains of the harm which is done by the commercial, the American influence in picture-buying, "that degrading market which now, as in Mauve's day, asks one year for 'sheep going to pasture' and in the next for 'sheep returning.' . . . Jacob Maris would receive a commission for four pictures all of the same size, all four to contain white clouds. . . . Gabraels and Weissenbruch are asked for windmills to the exclusion of all else." But one wonders what was the market in the days of Van de Velde or of Teniers. Cannot one imagine the former asked in one year for vessels sailing to the right and in the next for vessels sailing to the left, and Teniers painting for one amateur three, for another four, rustics drinking round a barrel? With us it is known that white marble is exacted as a *sine qua non* in the pictures of Sir Alma Tadema. But then Sir Alma Tadema is himself by birth at least of the "Dutch school." May it not then be something placid and obliging in the Hollander nature that makes him conform to the market requirements, or perhaps not to dislike repeating himself? This may account for Mesdag's sameness, but that same sameness makes his work a difficult matter for the critic.

The influence of The Hague school is felt in the work of such painters as Albert Neuhujs and B. J. Blommers. Neuhujs' "First Lesson" is a gem of simplicity and delicacy very evidently of the school of Israëls, but free from the too obvious mannerisms of Jozef Israëls, as, for example, the *obvious* atmosphere of which he is fond of surrounding his people. The influences which reformed Israëls' painting came to Neuhujs at a still later date; and

though the latter was born in 1844 he did not come to his own, to the work for which he was really fitted, until 1870. Blommers was about the same age as Neuhujs. A less imaginative painter, his technique is extremely strong; he has about him a good deal of the character of Dutch *genre* painters of the seventeenth century, with just the same striking contrast to their workmanship that distinguishes the painting of Mesdag from (say) that of Van de Velde. A third painter who must be mentioned in this company is A. C. Artz. He was, Mr. Marius tells us, Israëls' principal pupil. The same writer contrasts, in the following words, the work of pupil and master, and the appreciation is interesting in that it allows Mr. Marius once more to tell us how much he finds in Israëls' work:

In a picture such as "Mourning," despite the fine expression of sorrow, we are struck by the fact that this sorrow does not, as it would have done were the picture painted by Israëls, permeate the whole figure, the fall of the folds of the woman's dress, the fall of the light, every detail of the apartment, which would have been dramatized as it were in and through the human tragedy; we see that Artz is more positive and more practical, that he prefers to follow his model, to give his attention to each object, and that, from this point of view, the folds of that dress are beautifully painted, beautiful, too, and seventeenth century those squat little baby shoes on that empty floor, a detail upon which Jan Steen could not have improved.

We have never (it has been said already) succeeded in finding all this merit in Israëls' work, and are disposed to think that in him the human or dramatic element runs more toward the sentimental than the sublime.

There are two landscape painters whose works in their fashion very

much resemble that of Anton Mauve. One is Weissenbruch, the other Philipp Sadée. In the case of the former, we again come across the epochal year 1870 as marking the development of his characteristic and really successful painting, although the painter was born so far back as 1824. And this fact once more suggests a connection with the French *plein-air* school. Sadée was born in 1837. His landscape painting is more distinctly *plein-air* than that of any other Dutch painter.

For most amateurs of painting the work of The Hague painters still probably represents "modern Dutch art," although its principal masters are either dead or quite old. From it through a succession of painters we pass on to a style which is really modern, though certainly anything but distinctive of Holland, the slap-dash manner which leads directly to Impressionism. J. B. Jongkind is indeed a kind of father of Impressionism, and Pissarro is reported to have said that if Jongkind had not existed "none of us would have been here." Jongkind was born as far back as 1819. His work has long been familiar to frequenters of French exhibitions, and it is hard to class him among Dutch painters; for he spent, we believe, most of his life in France, and died there in 1891. The twin painters David and Peter Oyens are of the same class. They were of rather a later date, born in 1830, and dying, one in 1894, the other at the beginning of the present century. A third in this group is later still. G. H. Breitner, who was born as late as 1857, is a painter of great vigor and sometimes great success. In all these modern brushwork tends to become more and more obtrusive. It is as if these slap-dash painters conceived that there were two separate processes in art: one to produce the picture as a whole, the other to pro-

duce a pattern of various pigments; just as in a certain school of modern poetry we are conscious of two separate endeavors in the writers thereof, not of one effort to combine meaning and charm of sound into an inseparable whole, but a further care to make sure that their skill as versifiers should never be overlooked.

With regard to the question we asked at the beginning of this article, How far does modern Dutch art allow us to speak of it as a school of painting? the answer is not easy. What seem movements within the country come to appear, when we take a wider view, but fragments of larger movements which have affected all modern painting, and whose origins are to be sought if anywhere in France. Yet distinctive characteristics are not altogether wanting in this art. We agree with Mr. Marius that landscape painting remains to-day, as it was at the outset, a birthright of the nation, and that if the eyes of the modern Dutch painters have been purged by French influence, they still see in a genuine and, one may say, a national manner, distinct from the way of the English as of the French. Again, if Israël owes much to Millet, he owes much too to Rembrandt. Not only Rembrandt, the greatest of Dutch painters, but the lesser Dutch masters also have influenced the work of the Hague school and its immediate following. It is always the earliest work of a modern painter—of Matthew Maris or of the two Oyens—which shows the ancient influences—the most (that we should expect), but the influences are traceable throughout the whole of life. Nevertheless the balance of the art (as we may say) in Holland, as in most modern countries, is not national but international.

It would not do therefore if the latest phase of continental art was unrep-

resented here also; that latest school which we believe may well in future times come to be known by some such title as the Bedlam School. As typical a representative thereof as is Gauguin in France is Van Gogh in Holland. Both these names are well known among a certain class of art-critics, the votaries of the last new thing, the *dernier cri*. But to the average English picture-lover they are probably unknown, so that a word or two on them and on the origin of the school which they represent may not be amiss.

The Avatar of this body of fantasies gone mad was first made known to the world by the opening of the Salon des Indépendants some half a dozen years ago. Men had heard (in Paris at least) something before that of Gauguin and a good deal of Cézanne. The former, it was reported, had discovered that the only living modern art was to be found in the Pacific Islands, and had long taken to putting on his canvas figures which did no discredit to his savage masters. Cézanne had exaggerated the old trick of the blue shadow (Henley talks of painters "who had just discovered the blue shadow") till it had become a deep purple in ordinary daylight; and even white in shade, as the inside of a white teacup, Cézanne would paint a pure ultra-marine. Deep purple, one does not quite know why, calls for bright pink as its counterpart; and so the portions of Cézanne's pictures which were in light were generally of that tint. Roughly speaking, his canvases were divided between these two colors. At first men went to the Independent Salon to smile and pass on, but lately a change has come in a certain section of art criticism. It came very suddenly. In the course of two years about half the art critics of Paris, including some very respectable names, had made a complete *volte-face*. If they did not burn what

they had adored, at any rate they found a whole pantheon of new gods to place in the artistic Olympus. Some few of these were men not without genius who had been neglected; all of them were men whose work up to that moment could be purchased almost for a song, but in whom some of the great dealers in Paris had begun to make a corner. And the fortunate if not wholly fortuitous change in the taste of the Parisian critics had its echo in a notable rise of the market for which the dealers had prepared. Since then the ball has gone on rolling, and it asks almost as much courage now to question the merits of the new heroes as it would formerly have done to support them. We need not suppose that Mr. Marius is insincere in his admiration of the Dutch representative of this fantastic art, but the paragraphs which he devotes to Van Gogh show how difficult it is to find sane and sober words of praise for this insane painting.

The work of Vincent van Gogh (he tells us) fell like a meteor into the plains of our national art in the winter of 1892, two years after the painter's death. A meteor in very truth! Here was no question of gradual, technical, artistic development that had been followed out year by year. That which first greeted our eyes was the most passionate, desperate, and impulsive work, the technical part of which, as it then appeared, before time had matured it, seemed beyond the power of the painter's art. It was the evidence of the artist's struggle with his medium, of his struggle with nature; it was the act of despair of a fanatic; it was the revelation of a visionary.

Van Gogh's work represents not so much a creed as a man-to-man struggle; his color is not the result of a well-thought-out scheme, but is an effort rather to grasp the light, to hold it fast, to suggest color in light without the use of brown or bitumen. And, as it was his chief object to render life, to express what he saw rather than to

produce an harmonious painting, he strove to fling his impressions, as it were, upon his canvas in one breath.

What is singular is that Richard Muther uses almost the same words to express his appreciation of this painter. We may conclude then that of the ordinary pictorial qualities, harmony of color, drawing, and so forth, not much must be asked for from Van Gogh and the painters of the *dernier cri*.

It is impossible to give any notion of this sort of painting to those who have seen no specimen of it. But the two illustrations of Van Gogh given by Mr. Marius—a group of Polynesian-

The Edinburgh Review.

like figures crammed into a parlor—and some cypresses whose wavy outlines (like a sort of black flames) are repeated horizontally among the clouds, perpendicularly in the two figures of the scene, are sufficiently enlightening. Those who think "meteors," "man-to-man struggles with nature," "an effort to grasp the light and hold it fast," are satisfactory substitutes for the beauties, the sanities, the temperate aims and great achievement which distinguish the work of masters in all ages, may take pleasure in this last cry of modern art. We predict that their pleasure will be short-lived.

## THE HUMPBACK.

### PART II.

It was near noon when they sighted the cape that, from a distance, looks like a gigantic breakwater built by man, with its level top and perpendicular sides, seven miles in length and never a tenth of that in breadth. Several leagues north of the cave-riddled point the *Haakon* began to cruise in search of the hoped-for *Nordkaper*. Here and there, their white hulls gleaming in the sunshine, lay French schooners taking toll from the fishing-banks. These were the laggards, the less lucky, for the majority of the Dunkirk and other fleets had already sailed for home with full holds of salted cod, the reward of six months' toil and peril.

Kaptein Schröder brought the *Haakon* within hailing distance of one of the schooners, and bawled his question.

Yes, the Franskmänd skipper had seen whales that morning early. The whales had gone. He pointed to the nor'-east.

Schröder knew that the French-

man wanted the whaler far away from the banks, but he decided to try nor'-east, and accordingly the *Haakon's* course was shaped in that direction.

The hour of *midday* had come, and he went below to the usual repast of sweet soup, followed by salt-beef, followed by a second supply of sweet soup. The engineer joined him; the mate was still in the lookout, by his own desire, with which Schröder had not sought to interfere.

"You think we may get a *Nordkaper*, kaptein?" remarked the engineer.

"It is only a chance. I intend to try for two days, and if nothing comes of it we shall go west again."

"It is worth while trying," said the engineer. "What is the matter with Thorstein?" he asked later.

Kaptein Schröder wiped a drop of syrup from his yellow beard. "Matter with Thorstein?"

"Ja. Have you not noticed how strange he looks?"

The other shook his head. "Thorstein is always a little queer."

"But he looks as if he were afraid of something. I thought perhaps he had got notice to leave the *Haakon* at the end of the season. It would be a pity for him. I do not think any other whaler would have him for *styrmand* now."

"Thorstein has not got notice," said Schröder. "Maybe he is not very well; maybe he is troubled about his son. Do not ask him any questions, Keller. He does his work well, and we have no business with anything else."

The cook came clattering down the narrow stairway and put his head into the cabin.

"*En hvalbaad kommer, kaptein.*"

Schröder finished his meal hurriedly, and went on deck. Far ahead was a trail of smoke.

From the mast-head Thorstein was peering through a telescope. "*Ja*. It is a whaler," he said at last, "and with a dead whale, for it is coming slowly."

The captain went into the steering-box and slightly altered the *Haakon's* course. In a little while he was able to distinguish the approaching whaler through his glasses. Her hull was green, and her funnel pinky-yellow with a broad black top. She was not making more than four knots.

"They have two great whales astern," shouted the *styrmand*. "It is one of the Vopnafjord boats. It is the *Snorri*."

"Good!" cried Schröder. "I know the kaptein well, and will speak to him."

Thorstein took another long look through his glass, and when he made his next report his voice was higher than usual. "They have two *Nordkapers*!"

"*Saa!*" muttered Schröder, and cursed softly. And he cursed again, though he grinned, when his friend on the *Snorri*, beaming with satisfaction,

informed him that he had been hunting the two whales for more than a day, and had killed both within two hours of each other. For the *Nordkaper* usually succumbs easily to the bomb-harpoon, and, moreover, does not sink when death takes him.

"It is good luck for our last trip of the season," bellowed the Vopnafjord man gleefully. "I suppose I shall see you in Tönsberg soon. I leave Island next week."

"Are you not going after more *Nordkapers* when you have got these two to the station?"

"There are no more *Nordkapers*, my good Schröder. There were but two, and I killed them both"; and the speaker roared with laughter.

Kaptein Schröder bawled a friendly enough farewell, waved his hand, and gave the order for full speed. He believed his friend, and the disappointment was a heavy blow. It had been a wild-geese chase.

He altered the course to west, and descended to the deck, where he walked up and down for half-an-hour, casting many a disgusted glance at the dead *sejheal* wallowing alongside. It was indeed galling. Two great *Nordkapers*—and he had been a few hours too late. And the weather was not looking so well. Away in the north-west the horizon had taken on a brownish hue. In all probability he would reach the neighborhood of the ice, only to get fog-bound. He went forward and climbed up the rigging.

Thorstein, peering over the edge of the barrel, did not take his gaze from the sea.

"You see I am going to the ice," said Schröder.

"*Ja*, kaptein."

Schröder looked over his shoulder. He could still perceive Langanaes, or at any rate, the mountains beyond it.

"Where is your *knölt*?" he asked roughly.



A strange expression came into the mate's countenance, but he did not reply.

Schröder, hanging on to the rigging, continued to search the water around him. All at once he made a quick movement and seemed about to speak, but checked himself.

Five minutes passed, and then he made another quick movement, while a savage look disfigured his good-natured features.

"Man! are you blind?" he exclaimed, gripping Thorstein's shoulder and shaking it. "What is that yonder?" He relaxed his grasp on the mate and pointed.

Half a mile off the starboard bow a shining black and rounded object rose above the surface. Thorstein, as if unwillingly, turned his eyes to it. It disappeared.

"Are you blind? With my own eyes I saw him rise—twice. You fool! You have not been watching."

"I have been watching, kaptein. He was only a very small *sejhval*." The speaker was trembling.

"You lie! It was the head of a great!"—Schröder stopped short.

The sea appeared to burst open, and a monstrous, unwieldy-looking, dripping creature, bearing a small hump in place of a dorsal, and gigantic pectorals, shot clear above the surface, and fell back with an amazing crash amid fountains of foam.

"*Hval! hval!*" yelled Schröder at the top of his voice, and the crew hurried to their posts. Then he turned to Thorstein. "So," he said wrathfully. "you would cheat me because of a crazy dream. You would cheat me of the greatest *knölhval* I have ever seen. Go on deck, and keep out of my way. Go to your bunk, you that are afraid of a *knöl*!"

"Kaptein"—

"I have no more to do with you. Only keep out of my way. Ugh!"

And Kaptein Schröder descended rapidly to the deck, where he immediately selected a man to take Thorstein's place. Next he gave instructions for letting the *sejhval* go adrift with a flag stuck in it.

Thorstein on reaching the deck looked appealingly in his captain's direction, but, being utterly ignored, went dejectedly aft.

The *knölhval*—or humpback, to use a more familiar name—continued to gambol in his ungainly ways while the *Haakon* drew near him. He rolled about at the surface, exhibiting his tremendous "wings;" he stood upright in his element, poking his warty head above water; he made unexpected rushes here and there; and once more he hurled his hundred tons of bone, flesh, and blubber into the air.

"The greatest *knöl* I have ever seen," said Schröder to himself as he screwed a grenade on the harpoon. "After all, I shall please them at the station to-morrow. Forty barrels will not be so bad."

But he did not sing as he usually did while preparing for action. The thought of the mate's deception rankled. Besides, he missed the mate's assistance. The man now in the crow's-nest would do his best, but his experience was small.

However, Kaptein Schröder hoped to fire a good first shot which would make the struggle a brief one. And certainly the humpback did his best to make it so, for, after a little more play, he came leisurely to meet the *Haakon*. Perhaps her bluish-gray bottom deceived him into thinking her a friend.

Schröder held up his hand for "stop." As the *Haakon* lay, the humpback, if he continued his course, would cross her bows.

But suddenly the propeller-like motion of his flukes ceased; it appeared as of he were gathering himself to—

gether for another rush or a downward plunge.

Believing that he was going to sound, the gunner took a quick aim and pressed the trigger.

It was a long shot, and not a very good one. It struck too far abaft the flipper; and though a muffled thump, as the mighty tail flew up, told that the grenade had duly exploded, Schröder knew that death was still far away.

The cable ran out spasmodically till its length was almost exhausted, when the winch brakes were applied, and the *Haakon* began to forge slowly ahead. Ere long the humpback appeared at the surface, roaring and grunting, and struggling frightfully to free himself, rolling to and fro, lashing about his flukes, and broaching half out of the water—an agony shocking and sickening for any man save a whaleman to witness. Then he took to "bolting," making violent diagonal rushes; till, finding that also vain, he set off at a little distance beneath the surface, towing the *Haakon* at several miles an hour.

Meanwhile the gun had been reloaded, and when the pace of the humpback began to slacken the winch was set going, and cautiously the cable was reeled in until once more the *Haakon* was within shooting distance.

Yet again the luck was against the gunner. His shot was a good one, but the bomb failed to explode. And the *knöl* sounded so violently that the first cable—the winch-man having let go an instant too late—parted with a loud snap close to the bow, while the *Haakon* quivered to her sternpost.

An hour passed, during which the *knöl* repeated his frantic efforts for freedom, and then came an opportunity for a third shot. As he stood by the gun Kaptein Schröder threw an uneasy glance around him. A change in the weather was imminent. Blu-

ish-black clouds were swiftly gathering, and the sun was already obscured. A breeze, light but very bitter, ruffled the gray ocean, and the ice-fog had changed to white and seemed nearer. A flake of snow fell on the red gun.

The winch clanked and the *Haakon* forged towards the whale, now lying almost motionless. But when the bolt struck him he was off again, like a runner who has got his second wind. Yet it was a deadly shot, and a smaller whale would have died speedily. With three harpoons in him and two cables behind him, however, his spurt was of short duration. Within a few minutes he was up again, spouting crimson and roaring through his blow-holes.

"He dies!" said Kaptein Schröder with a grunt of relief.

"*Nei*, kaptein. He dies not yet."

The skipper wheeled around. "Get away!" he snapped.

Thorstein's pallid face flushed momentarily, and he stepped from the gun-platform, but did not go far aft.

The captain signed to the men at the winches to wind in. They had not proceeded far when the humpback seemed to revive and resumed his struggles.

"Another harpoon—quick!" cried Schröder, sponging out the gun, and nodding to the winch-men to continue winding. He shouted for half-speed ahead.

From his pocket he took a small cotton bag containing a charge of powder, rammed it home in the gun, and followed it up with a wad. Four minutes later the slotted shaft of the harpoon filled the barrel, the bomb was affixed, the Krupp's screw for firing the charge was adjusted, and all was prepared. This time no cable was attached to the harpoon.

Crash! went the gun at close quarters, and the muffled echo followed.

"*Now* he dies!"

"*Nei*, kaptein, he dies not yet. Kaptein, I will give you every kroner I have if you will let him go. Kaptein!"

"You fool! What do you mean?"

Thorstein hung his head. Every man on deck was staring at him.

"Go aft!" commanded Schröder.

The mate hesitated, and then walked slowly away.

"He dies!" said Schröder to the men. "See, it is the flurry!"

The humpback was beating the water into scarlet froth. Presently he lay still, but he was not dead. He did not turn on his side, nor did he sink. Internally he must have been an awful ruin. Yet he lived.

The captain went to the galley and drank a cup of scalding coffee. Many whales had he killed; some had died quickly, others slowly. But none save one great cachalot had received four shots—three of them good—and yet clung to the ghost like this *knøthval*.

He returned to the platform in thickly falling snow. "Now he dies! Bring me a lance."

The winches were started, and soon the humpback was lying under the port bow. Now and then a shudder passed over the monstrous bulk; the tall-flukes moved feebly.

"Now he dies!"

Steadying himself against a stay, Schröder grasped the long lance-pole with both hands and raised it preparatory to plunging the point through blubber and flesh into the mighty heart beneath him.

But the blow did not fall. In the twinkling of an eye the humpback's tall flew up, and came down with a shivering smash against the *Haakon's* hull.

"Full speed astern!" and back went the *Haakon* with a couple of her plates—upper ones, fortunately—badly started.

The whale rolled from side to side a dozen times, and lay still.

"Lower away the *pram*," ordered Schröder, cursing the snow and the freshening wind—and the dead *sejhrval*, which was now nowhere to be seen.

The small double-bowed boat was soon lying alongside.

Schröder chose a couple of men to go with him, and they dropped into the *pram*. He was about to follow when Thorstein gripped his arm. The *styrmand's* face was working terribly. "Let me go. Let me lance him, kaptein," he gasped.

"*Nei*, *nei*!" came the impatient answer.

"Kaptein, let me go. I have been a fool—I am sorry—I ask pardon. Let me go. I want revenge on the *knöl* that made me foolish."

Schröder pushed him aside, but again his arm was gripped.

"Kaptein, I will never ask another favor. I will leave your sight when you ask me. But let me go to lance this *knöl*. If—if you do not, I shall be a shamed man—a coward—all my days. My son will mock me."

The captain was touched "You are not fit to lance a whale, Thorstein," he said. "I cannot"—

"I have lanced many whales. I have never made a mistake. What can I say, kaptein? You are a brave man. You must understand. Shall I go down on my knees to you? Let me go to lance this *knöl*. Then—then shall I dream no more foolish dreams; no more shall I deceive my good kaptein. Let me go."

Schröder wavered. "Are you sure you can do it?"

"You will see!—you will see! Behold my hands! They are steady now! The madness has left me. And afterwards you, my kaptein, will tell my son that I did well. Let me go."

Schröder gave in.

With a ghastly smile Thorstein went over the side. As the boat was rowed towards the whale, which now lay

quiet, seemingly exhausted, he waved his hand.

The captain would fain have called him back. He told two men to be ready with the second small boat in case of emergencies.

The rowers, with their oars poised for dipping, waited breathlessly for the final assault.

Thorstein stood erect, grasping the lance, as brave a figure of a man as ever faced death, knowing it to be death.

The whale scarcely moved.

Thorstein marked the vital spot with his eye, drew a deep breath, and drove in the lance. The *knöl* rolled over, away from the boat, the huge, fringed, pectoral fin, with its reach of some fourteen feet, waving stiffly aloft.

"Pull!"

An oar snapped. Back rolled the *knöl*, and down came the huge pectoral, a ton of bone and muscle. Men and boat disappeared.

The *Haakon* went back to Sigluefjord with her captures, but with her flag half-mast. She carried three dead men—dead men, cruelly broken and bruised. The living were ready to testify that the tragedy had been no—  
Chambers's Journal.

body's fault—an accident that might have happened to any whalemen.

It was some time before Kaptein Schröder could talk about it, and it was not until the following year that he fully realized what had happened. He had gone one day to visit the widow and her son, for whom he had done many kindnesses since the disaster.

"It is strange," said the widow just before he left—"it is strange that Thorstein did not dream of what was going to happen. I have been thinking of it all the winter. For he dreamed of it before our little daughter died; and he dreamed of it before our son fell from the cliff. Perhaps he could dream only of the evil that would happen to others that he loved. He loved not so many people. But myself and his children he loved; and you also, kaptein—you also."

And Kaptein Schröder, as he stood that night in the steering-box, waiting for a strange mate to relieve him, recalled certain words of his old *styrmand*: "When it is well with you, kaptein, it is well with me." And, perhaps, also—though he was no dreamer—he heard the sound of a heart weeping.

J. J. Bell.

## IN A GERMAN COUNTRY HOUSE.

To reach Pomerania one should go back by that same way our Anglo-Saxon ancestors reached Britain—by the North Sea, skirting the coast of Holland—by the swan's path, the whale's road—a road unaltered since the brown-sailed Viking boats first crossed it, for the sea can never change. Returning thus, old half-forgotten history becomes vivid and very real. For along that path went Canute, the great Danish King of Eng-

land, to fight against the fierce and heathen Wends who conquered the Baltic shores, and threatened his Danish kingdom on the east. On that same unchanging pathway I saw the sun go down in glory in a molten silver sea, while on the left lay Helgoland, a blue shadow dimly seen, and on the right the long, low German coastline. I saw the sun rise again over the narrowing Elbe bank, very flat and gannet-haunted, sheltering

many little brown-sailed fishing-boats. Lineal descendants, perhaps, these boats, of those dark-sailed Viking keels which the old Emperor Charlemagne, the conqueror of half the world, saw beating up the Seine—and wept and tore his hoary beard in anguish at the sight. Then I must traverse the long, interminable, flat and sandy stretches of dune and forest, forest and dune, which bring home to the most heedless traveller the fact that this is part of the central plain of Europe mentioned in all geographies. Great, wide, level fields, lakes, and slow, sluggish rivers, with white, deliberate storks frog-catching along their banks, and pine forests, above all pine forests—these were my first impressions of Pomerania. Every now and then, too, a little quaint village of black and white houses deeply thatched with storks' nests atop, a slender church spire, and not far away from it an enormous mansion, sometimes towered and turreted like an old castle, sometimes high-roofed and ornate like a modern French château, but always dominating the little village by its stateliness and grandeur. For Pomerania is well known as the land of great estates and large proprietors, a stronghold of the "Junker" party of German politics, and each big estate or "Landgut" has its "Schloss," in which resides, year in, year out, the noble family who are its owners.

"Life on a Pomeranian 'Landgut' is one of the pleasantest in the world," one who knew it well assured me—and I was about to try it for myself for the first time. At last, at one of the little wayside stations of Hither Pomerania, a tiny red-brick island in a great pine-forest, I found a substantial-looking mail phaeton with a stout pair of useful horses, and a very smart liveried and cockaded coachman, who clicked his heels together, and, bowing swept his hat through the air

with a grace unknown in England.

"For Schloss Japenzin?" said he—and we drove away through the forest by a wide road only stoned upon one side, the other half of the natural sand, loose and dusty in the extreme. This was the main road, but presently we turned into a side-track, sandy, deeply rutted, diversified by great loose boulders which apparently nobody had ever thought of moving out of the way—a track never stoned or mended, but just worn in the sand.

Now I perceived the reason of the strongly-built carriage and the stout horses. The phaeton bumped and jumped, the coachman jerked about on the box, and I was obliged to hold on tightly inside to avoid disaster. If the roads were like this in the summer-time, what would be their state in winter weather? And how deep must be the isolation of these great houses, miles from any railway, and cut off from one another by such roads—roads which, as I heard later, were sometimes almost impassable even with four horses to a carriage.

At last the coachman pointed out, a tall white tower glittering in the distance among thick trees.

"Schloss Japenzin," said he.

Japenzin, like very many of these Pomeranian mansions, is approached through its farmyard. We drove past a cluster of peasants' cottages, then through long ranges of cow-sheds, sheep byres, piggeries and stables, black and white, thatched and picturesque, with storks' nests on the roof ridges and all the indispensable litter of farm work about them till we reached the great veranda which shelters the front door. There my hosts, Graf and Gräfin Von Stein, met me with a welcome so kindly, so hospitable, that the veriest stranger must have felt at home at once.

The simplicity and charm of daily life at Japenzin carried me back a hun-

dred years—in England of to-day such a manner of living would seem no longer possible.

The Von Steins belonged to a family not only one of the oldest, but also the richest and most powerful in Hither Pomerania, yet to English ideas their life was simple in the extreme, void of all luxury; useful and busy enough, but ruled by duty, not by pleasure. The Graf worked as hard as any English farmer; every morning he rose at daylight and went out into his fields; he farmed his great estate himself with two bailiffs under him. It was a very large estate, well stocked with flocks and herds; and he reared, not bred, a great many young horses of which the Government every year took their pick at a fixed price for cavalry remounts. His principal crop was, however, sugar beet—an exceedingly remunerative crop both bounty fed and duty protected by the Government. Since the labor of his own peasantry was not sufficient for the estate in the summer time, he employed a gang of a hundred Polish peasants to supplement it, brought by their own contractor and lodged in barracks built for the purpose. The relations between employers and employed seemed cordial in the extreme—the sick and aged among the peasants were cared for under the Gräfin's own eyes while the Graf was personally acquainted with every man upon his estate.

The Gräfin ruled over a large household mainly composed of rough, good-natured untidy maids, peasant girls off the estate. Her right hand was the cook-housekeeper called "Mamselle" in Pomerania, who had one or more kitchen-maids under her; girls with ambitions, who paid her for the privilege of learning her work. The household was nearly self-supporting; the baker and the butcher were dispensed with; laundry work was done at home

—regularly every three months came the "great wash" when peasant labor from without reinforced the maids—unless the right day happened to clash with the hay harvest or an anxious time with the sugar-beet crop. To an English eye housekeeping was a simpler matter here than at home. Breakfast and supper never varied—cold meat, boiled eggs and bread and butter were their chief delicacies. Even for luncheon, the principal meal of the day, there was never any choice of dishes.

"Only the rich burgers think it necessary to have any variety," said Gräfin Von Stein; "for myself, I despise people who worry or trouble about their food. It must be good and wholesome, that is enough for me." The Gräfin, a beautiful and singularly intelligent woman, had her own theories on the subject of education, of which simplicity and discipline were the keynotes. Her children, a happy, healthy, vivacious little flock, were brought up in the strictest simplicity. "I only hope I may teach them all to despise luxury and daintiness as much as I do," said she.

Schloss Japenzin itself was a bewildering labyrinth of large, uncomfortable, sparsely furnished rooms, opening out of one another, half of them overlooking the farmyard, half a small park of rough turf and ornamental trees. It was not an old house—the mediæval home of the Von Steins lay ruined and deserted in the forests near; but it was wretchedly designed, according to modern ideas, especially as regards the servants' quarters. One great advantage Japenzin possessed above its neighbors, for Graf Von Stein, an enlightened man, who had travelled much, had just introduced English sanitation and baths, with hot and cold water supply. Many imposing castles I visited lacked these necessities and their domestic arrangements



would have disgraced an English village inn.

The garden craze, so popular in England, had not reached Pomerania. The Japenzin garden, a great walled place, ruled over by a gardener and four garden apprentices, who each paid him a certain premium in order to learn his business, was dependent upon peasant labor for the rest of its work—and in the Graf's opinion garden work always came last. It was not the fashion for the lady of the house to busy herself in the garden, but at a neighboring Schloss its mistress had made some effort to train roses over the inevitable back veranda facing the farmyard.

"But my husband's pigs will destroy them, I know," she said plaintively. The idea of fencing the pigs off had evidently not occurred to her.

In the summer evenings the veranda overlooking the farm buildings was my favorite place for watching the pageant of farm life when the peasants came back from the fields at sundown. First the geese of the village, flock after flock, walking in orderly troops each to its own pen, all talking together at the top of their voices; with dear little ragged, fair-haired goose girls in attendance, just like Hans Andersen's heroines. Each of the villagers had the right of pasturing so many geese upon the Graf's fields, and in return they were obliged to give him a certain number at their great goose-slaying in the autumn. These geese "Mamselle" and her helpers cured and salted for winter consumption. They were eaten uncooked, like German ham, and esteemed a great delicacy. Hundreds and hundreds of geese; the swineherds with their swine and shepherds with their sheep; no cows—these were all stall fed in a great cattle byre off the farmyard, but slow treading yokes of black and white oxen and teams of cart horses four together, the carter riding one of the shaft horses

and driving the leaders before him. This return from the fields was the only time I ever saw the peasants hurry. They are of German race here, very slow and lethargic, fair-haired and blue-eyed. Their own local rhyme roughly translated well describes them:

Every winter is the Pommer  
Yet more stupid than in summer.

It runs. Our own East Anglian peasants are said to be of the same race, but if so, the brightest certainly crossed the sea and left the dullards behind them. The houses of the peasants, picturesque enough without, contained little of interest: one or two old dames still used their spinning-wheels, and a few big, wooden chests, curiously studded with brass nails, were to be seen; the rest of the furniture was poor and plain in the extreme.

Some of the oldest "Junker" families, the Von Steins among the number, are of Wendish, not German descent, and bear with their crest the twisted bulls' horns which once distinguished the chiefs of the Wends. "As old as the Von Steins or the devil," runs a local proverb. Also, in spite of much intermixture of German blood, these families often show the high cheek bones which mark a Slavonic kinship. The Wends indeed were among the last of European peoples to embrace Christianity. They martyred very cruelly many of the missionaries who, like St. Adalbert and St. Bruno, came to Prussia to convert them. It is interesting to note that a Wendish line still rules in Mecklenburg, and has given a consort to the Queen of Holland in Prince Henry of the Netherlands.

The hospitality of Schloss Japenzin was unbounded; all through the summer it was filled with swarms of visitors, not only numberless relations and friends of the family, but old depend-

ents, tutors, and governesses of present and past generations, poor clergy from the towns, sisters of charity taking a summer holiday—nay, even guests of an humbler level still, respectable girls of the lower classes in need of rest and change who stayed free of all care under the charge of the "Mamselle." Every one was heartily welcome, each and all might take the part suited to them in the life of the Schloss, with its riding and driving, woodland picnics and tennis, and treats and entertainments for the benefit of the peasants of the estate.

As at Japenzin so it was at the other great country houses of the neighborhood, no less than eleven of which indeed belonged to Von Steins of varying degrees of relationship, and most of the others to their connections by marriage. Family feuds seemed unknown, and the most cordial intimacy prevailed—as long as the state of the roads permitted. Ceremonious entertainments which began at five with a heavy dinner and ended with supper at eleven were few and far between; they only marked great occasions, such as a birthday or a betrothal. But to drive many miles through the forest to coffee and supper at some interesting old castle was far pleasanter—the wild charm and exquisite beauty of those forests grew upon one daily. The deep, lonely, winding tracks through the heart of the woods, and then the sudden sight at a break in the tree-trunks of some little tiny high-walled town set solitary in the wide plain with tall picturesque brick gateways curiously fortified—"to keep the Von Steins out" would say the Gräfin laughing—such a glimpse carried one back to the middle ages in a moment. Even pleasanter too than the simple, kindly cheerful hospitality of the neighboring houses was the drive back to Japenzin through the enchantment of the moonlit forests at night—those

forests from which our forefathers came. Though the circle of the Von Steins and their friends and relations seemed simple and homely enough, it was a charmed ring, impossible for an outsider to penetrate. A certain Herr Krohn, a wealthy merchant, had bought a vacant castle in the neighborhood. Rumors of his wealth and the magnificent and luxurious manner he fitted up his new possession were heard with frank disapprobation by the old inhabitants, and his efforts to ingratiate himself entirely failed.

"One could see at a glance that he was not one of us," was the verdict. No more was required to condemn him utterly. No harsher words were applied to a certain authoress whose humorous comments on German manners and customs have amused many English readers.

"She is not one of us." That was enough.

It was noticeable that nearly all of the Von Steins' circle spoke English excellently. It was fashionable to learn it and to express an admiration for English literature, not modern literature, but for Carlyle, Tennyson, and Scott, and, above all, for Shakespeare. With this admiration for many things English was joined a deep hatred of England, a hatred well concealed at first by courtesy, but which revealed itself on closer knowledge and frank exchange of opinion. "Schlau" was the best word they could apply to England's foreign policy—"schlau" which means not only "sly," but gives the idea of a malicious slyness. The most astounding ignorance prevailed of English motives and of English national character, and that with intelligent and well-educated people. The stupidest calumnies were believed and repeated—one heard them on every side and struggled in vain to refute them. Yet with striking magnanimity, those who repeated these calumnies always

forebore to blame the individual for the nation's sins—an attitude which often exasperated me beyond measure. If even educated and cultivated people could credit such falsehoods there is no doubt that to the lower orders a conflict with England would bear something of the character of a holy war. In truth, in these "Junker" circles such a popular war would be very welcome.

The younger sons of each family enter the army as a matter of course, since a great "Landgut" may not be divided, but must pass intact to the eldest son; and small though their pay is from an English point of view, those outside the charmed circle are beginning to grumble at the cost of so many idle officers. The great Pomeranian landowners, the traditional and faithful adherents of the Emperor and his family, have hitherto escaped a heavy burden of taxation; but the Imperial Chancellor, at his wits' end for money, has made a step towards robbing their rich hen-roosts. For a moment the danger has been averted, but it remains a danger—and in a successful war the indemnity extracted from the conquered country might be sufficient to render such taxation needless for another half-century. Also the increase of German trade upon the destruction of British industries would pacify the heavily taxed commercial classes, who now regard the pampered landowners with greedy unfriendly eyes. The war, too, would prove once more that the loyalty and devotion of the "Junker" classes were indispensable to their Emperor and therefore to the Fatherland.

"In peace our Socialists make a stupid noise," said Graf Von Stefn. "In war they would sing a different tune."

*The National Review.*

Undoubtedly the enthusiasm which the conquest of the air by Count Zep-pelin's airship awoke in Pomeranian castles had this hatred of England lurking at its back. The Count, an old man who had labored for long years perfecting his invention in the teeth of disappointment and discouragement, at first met with general disbelief. Even the Emperor was reported to have said laughingly, when a young Von Zep-pelin was presented to him: "Take care you do not try to build an air-ship."

With the successful flight of the Count's airship all this was changed, and its destruction after the first trip caused a passion of grief throughout Pomerania; even the little peasant children in the schools contributed their pennies, and the national fund for its reconstruction swelled to enormous proportions in a few days. England, in spite of every effort, was still mistress of the waves, but now the fascinating project of an aerial invasion became within the bounds of possibility.

"We are always learning how best to invade you," laughed Otto, a cadet of the house at a military college, "but till now we must wait, because we have not as many ships as you have. Now I hope that we shall soon fly over to attack you!" And though Otto's prediction was, perhaps, a little over-sanguine, there is no doubt it reflected truthfully the aspiration of every Pomeranian "Junker."

The unfortunate and ill-grounded prejudice against the English nation was the one blot upon the record of my Pomeranian summer. For the rest it remains with me an experience of unalloyed pleasure, a memory of hospitality and kindness.

*Dorothy Amphlett.*

## BUTTERFLIES.

The ordinary person is not disposed to take the butterfly seriously. We do not even take the trouble to keep its name pure, for one day no doubt it was baffle or baffle or bother fly, a flyer that seems to have no definite aim, but is blown hither and thither, much as a dead leaf is baffled by the wind. If that is the origin of the name, it is so thoroughly lost that now no dictionary even mentions it. So much does the insect resemble a caterpillar with wings that the ancients decided that first came the butterfly, which then shed its wings and became a caterpillar. The ancients made ludicrous mistakes about other creatures, but none quite so contemptuous as this.

There are, we know, butterflies with character—peacocks that will come again and again to the flower we would drive them from, emperors that guard the upper regions of air like eagles, Camberwell beauties that wrestle on high like gladiators, and sweep from point to point without a superfluous wing-stroke. But they always astonish us as abnormalities. They do not suffice to alter our opinion of the average butterfly as a senseless, meandering, scarcely self-conscious thing.

The painted butterfly! Far less often do we speak of the painted bird. The butterfly, we imagine, is thought to have "just grown" painted, as Topsy falsely alleged was the fact concerning herself. He is a bold man who will maintain that the beauty of the butterfly is the result of infinite selection on the part of the wooers and the wooed. On the other hand, except in a few, though well-known, instances their gaudy colors cannot be attributed to natural selection because they are not founded on utility. Natural selection has determined the shape and color of

many remarkably inconspicuous caterpillars and has taught the butterfly to keep its bright colors on one side of the wing, its neutral tints and leaf-like markings on the other. But has it made some butterflies bright blue, some yellow, some coppery red, some white, others black, and many brilliantly chequered?

A caterpillar common on stinging nettles just now is an indistinct mottle of yellowish brown and black, and is covered with make-believe prickles almost as deterrent as the stings of its food-plant. In a week, it will throw off its prickly armor and become a soft green, legless creature, no longer with the constitution of a caterpillar, every particle and atom, as well as every cell, in a state of flux resembling annihilation. Then the material of the disintegrated caterpillar re-crystallizes into a radically different being—no grub, but a flying rainbow, every grain of murky color changed for a radiant jewel, the soft trash of the skinned caterpillar moulded into new and more wonderful hairs, armor, a coiled trunk that is a marvel of construction, two great eyes, each composed of thousands of facets.

We all change, of course. Every cell in the human body will have been changed for another cell within a certain number of years. But that is nothing comparable with the changing of every cell simultaneously into something as widely different as the mandible of a caterpillar and the proboscis of a butterfly. Memory, as we conceive it, would be powerless to bridge such a revolution as that. Has the butterfly, then, forgotten that it was ever a caterpillar? Of course. Then how is it that, having sated its new-found appetite for nectar, the most delicate product of nature's alchemy, it repairs

to the nectarless, repellant nettle, and there lays the eggs that shall become other caterpillars of its kind? And how, if it happens to be of so slightly varied a coloring that none but a trained naturalist can formulate the difference, it takes its eggs not to the nettle but to the elm?

These and other biological problems are too heavy for the hot summer days when the butterflies are gambolling. In the wood the fritillaries tower upward, gyrating till three of them seem to be certainly four, while four fill the whole sky with revolving pearl and amber. On the hillside, where blue-and-purple viper's bugloss is beginning to blossom, still bluer and still more purple butterflies open and tumble, then close and become triangles of silver exquisitely pencilled with tiny circles in many quiet colors. The meadow browns display rosy cheeks on their wings, with sparkling eyes set therein that we can never persuade ourselves cannot see us as we creep up to them. How many butterflies there are in our short British list whose color has run to eyes. The peacock that has them in the same brilliant design as the bird, his namesake, is perhaps the most remarkable, while his congeners, the tortoiseshells, the red admiral and others, seem to have been interrupted when they had no more than sketched out the same adornment. Then the wood argus, the wall, the large and small heaths, the yellows, the whites, the swallow-tail, some more and some less, are also marked with sham eyes. Perhaps this is the one useful marking that natural selection has fixed upon in the case of the butterflies. Nothing is more disconcerting to a bird, for example, than to see an eye suddenly glaring from an unexpected place. The boldest bird hesitates long before it will go to its nest under the stare of a photographic lens. Possibly the same bird would flee in dismay should

a contemplated morsel open two shining eyes, even at the corners of its wings. One or two of the moths have eyes also, but usually, like the eyed hawk, on the hind wings. Defenceless caterpillardom may sometimes be saved by the same device. Our favorite of all these grubs is that of the puss moth, and we think that nothing in its triple armory of terrifying appearance is so powerful as the two spots above its red-bordered face, that look just like very malignant eyes.

Their threat of unknown, unlimited hurt is well given in the painting of the species in Miss Janet Harvey Kellman's "Butterflies and Moths Shown to the Children," just issued by Messrs. Jack. We have seen very respectable rings of rustics and people of greater book learning drawn around a puss moth caterpillar that may have fallen in autumn from some poplar tree. The adventurous stranger who takes it up drops its hurriedly when it turns those sightless eyes towards him and shoots out from its twin tails long red threads that might hold all the poison of snake-doom.

But the butterfly is entirely delightful. It has no need of safety other than its wings. The "eye" of a meadow brown has no terrors, at any rate for the child, and causes no anxiety but lest it should see the captor approaching and convey the prize out of reach. The chase of the butterfly is a rural pursuit that never palls, though its excitements are far outdone when some forlorn cabbage white strays from Covent Garden market into the dim courts of Drury Lane. Then is every small bonnet doffed, thin legs are agitated, feeble lungs raise the view halloo, and the hunt goes streaming down the street headed by the flapping, bothering fly that, seeming to be quite unaware of its danger, yet manages to top some wall just before the leading huntsman would grab it.



The white butterfly is usually one's first prize. Those that are colored imaginative youth calls "French." It is long before we discover that both white and colored are of several sorts. We have said that the pursuit of the butterfly never palls. As the school-boy grows up he learns other methods of bringing down the same quarry. A chip-box is as good as a butterfly net on a dull day. Chrysalids can be picked up that will yield perfect speci-

*The Nation.*

mens of uncatchable insects. The breeding from caterpillars unravels, or rather reveals, some of the mysteries of butterfly life. But, last as well as first, the ideal way of coming by a rare and coveted specimen is to run it down in fair chase. We say it who have experienced it. But now we prefer to watch the towering fritillaries and wonder whether they are really three or four.

### THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S SHADE.

History is repeating itself in Germany. When Count Posadowsky was dismissed from the Ministry of the Interior through the Conservative objection to his Liberal tendencies, it was Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg who took his place; and now again Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is chosen to succeed a Chancellor for whose retirement the Conservatives are primarily responsible. The German Constitution expressly denies the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament. A Chancellor remains in office so long as he retains the confidence of the Emperor. It was because of the withdrawal of the Imperial confidence that Prince Bismarck laid down his office, and the same official explanation was given of the resignations of Count Caprivi and Prince Hohenlohe. But in the case of Prince Billow there is not the least pretence of Imperial dissatisfaction. On the contrary, it is common knowledge that the Emperor was extremely loth to part with him, and that the present change has been brought about by the majority in the Reichstag. The new Chancellor is a man whose past is sure evidence of his willingness to serve a party. He is in fact a constitutional Minister, and the whole course of his future conduct will be pro-

foundly affected by the circumstances of his appointment. Never has Germany known so paradoxical a political situation. The Conservative Junkers are notoriously of absolutist views. They are true to the traditions of Frederick the Great; they detest the new-fangled notions of parliamentarianism and democracy which the French Revolution brought into Germany; they grumbled at the constitutional position which Prince Billow took up in the critical days of last November; and now they find themselves hailed by the less myopic organs of German Liberalism as the pioneers of constitutional progress! Times have indeed changed since Bismarck was dismissed not twenty years ago.

Rapid as this development has been, it is in no way surprising. The German Constitution is not yet forty years old, but for the first half of its short life it was worked by its author and meant exactly what he chose it to mean. During these important years Germany was acquiring a political self-consciousness which was bound to assert itself when once the controlling hand was removed. Moreover, the new arrangement contained from the first elements of instability which are now becoming apparent. In making



his Constitution Bismarck left out two of the political forces of the time. One was the Liberal party. The omission was deliberate. Bismarck had fought it at the crisis of his career. He had beaten it, and by beating it had made the Empire possible. He regarded it as a sham, broken for the moment and useless for the future. Nor was he mistaken. Eugen Richter's party was a sham; it consisted of a number of middle-class gentlemen who pretended to be democrats. Bismarck saw that the middle classes were too feeble to count, and overlooked the masses altogether. Modern Germany has both a middle class and a working class. The former has come into being with the industry which it has created. Numerically small, it is the richest party in Germany, and gold weighs heavily in the political scales. Politically that working class was created by the suffrage which Bismarck granted, but it was denied adequate expression. Deprived of any form of Ministerial control, the Reichstag found itself a fifth wheel to the political coach, and the democrats were driven to a policy of passive resistance. The tactics pursued by the Socialist Left have brought about the extraordinary situation that a party which is now supported by more than three million voters has never exercised the slightest influence on the course of legislation. A policy of pure negation stands self-condemned, but in justice to Herr Bebel and his colleagues it must be admitted that their position was largely forced upon them by circumstances.

The financial scheme propounded by Prince Bülów was, in one aspect, a concession to the claims of the industrialists and the multitude. It was on the left wing—on the Liberals and on the Socialists—that he had to rely, and in the critical division he was beaten by it. He had attempted to give the

Left that position in politics which it had a certain right to hold. He had aimed at a change in the balance of the Constitution, and he was defeated. And here the question arises: Why did Prince Bülów resign? Why, not dissolve, and if necessary dissolve again and again until he had at last convinced the reactionaries that he had behind him a combination of money and votes which was stronger than any Constitution and for which any workable Constitution must find room? It is at this point that we come upon the second of Bismarck's omissions. He forgot the Chancellor. He forgot, that is, to provide for an office which was something in itself apart from the dominant personality of its first occupant. Even as it was, Bismarck had to clothe himself with powers belonging properly to the Emperor as head of the Executive, and it was by depriving him of these powers that William II. eventually forced his resignation. But not until the crisis of last November did the full weakness of the Chancellor's position become apparent. At first sight, indeed, there never was a moment when the Chancellor was more powerful. For the first time since Bismarck's dismissal he found himself in direct opposition to the Emperor, and it was the Emperor who surrendered. But the victory was won not by the Chancellor but by the forces behind him. He spoke as the representative of the Federal Council, he had at his back all the influence of the Federated Governments, thoroughly scared at the difficult position in which the Empire had been placed by an irresponsible manager of foreign politics. Prince Bülów was far too astute a man to mistake his position. By himself he knew he was helpless. Behind him must stand either the Emperor or the Federal Council. Circumstances forced him to rely on the Council, and it was

with their support that he formulated his scheme of financial reform.

At the critical moment that support was withdrawn. He had prepared plans so generous to the States in the matter of their financial contributions to the Empire that the Liberals were up in arms from the first. Somewhat to the surprise of the Federated Governments the majority in the Reichstag proved to be even more particularist than themselves. Prince Bülow was supported by the entire Left, by the very parties which regard the States Governments as the pillars of reaction and which are pledged to diminish their authority. Only by a dissolution which would result in the return of these parties in greater strength could the reforms be carried. Is it to be wondered that the Council refused to render a service to their bitterest enemies? The Prince found himself helpless. The Emperor could not support him. He had promised to efface himself seven months before, and an Emperor does not break his word. The Federal Council would not support him; the Reichstag, apparently the dominant factor, was in reality only able to force its will through the tacit concurrence of the Council, and was itself constitutionally inadequate to carry through a constructive policy. The Chancellorship suddenly emerged in all its weakness as the mouthpiece of the strongest political force in the State.

There is then no need to trouble about Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's programme, which will probably not be disclosed until the new session is opened in the autumn. But, whatever it be, it will not be his own programme but that of the victorious particularists. He is indeed in an even weaker

*The Saturday Review.*

position than was his predecessor during the last fortnight of his term of office. Prince Bülow held a deserved reputation as an expert in foreign politics. He had been a most successful ambassador, and as a diplomatist was probably unsurpassed in Europe. His successor knows nothing of diplomatic work. The Emperor has chosen an expert in home affairs to deal with the domestic crisis which now confronts Germany. There is no need to question the absolute disinterestedness of his motives, but he cannot be blind to the increase in his own influence which the new appointment involves. He has pledged his word to be a constitutional Sovereign, but the Constitution expressly states that he is to represent the Empire in foreign affairs. His Chancellor is to accept responsibility for foreign policy as far as the people at home are concerned, but that in no way permits a Chancellor to dictate a policy to his master. Prince Bülow, indeed, could possibly venture to do so, but that was because of the experience of the man and not on account of the importance of his office. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is a cipher in foreign affairs, and in the constitutional conflict he is not the protagonist but the prize of victory. There are three forces contending for supremacy in Germany to-day—there is the Emperor with his military and naval authority and his position as representative of the Empire as regards foreign States; there are the States, whose organ is the Federal Council; and there is the people as represented, or misrepresented, by the Reichstag. The Chancellor does not count, and History, who is a divinity with a sense of humor, smiles ironically over Bismarck's work.

## PRESENTIMENTS.

At the inquest held last week on the victims of the disaster at Newport, where many men were killed by a fall of earth in a deep trench, one of the witnesses, a timberman named Thomas Baker, said that he had come out of the trench just before the accident owing to "a feeling of nervousness." "I felt myself shivering," he declared, "and I told the ganger I was going home." When he was asked to give a reason for his nervousness, he said that he could not give any except this: "God on high must have warned me." We wonder how many times we have read after serious accidents that somebody had a presentiment that an accident would happen. Such a statement seems to be an almost indispensable part of the narratives. Unless Thomas Baker when he reported his presentiment was under a delusion, which would be conceivable in the circumstances—his mates crushed and buried under the earth, and himself saved only by the space of a few moments from the same fate—he did come up from his work owing to his presentiment. By the delusion theory, of course, the presentiment is very easily explained: the man felt unwell—was giddy, or faint, perhaps was suffering only from indigestion—and afterwards when he was the prey of nervous shock, and possibly of superstition, he read a great deal of significance into what had been a fortunate accident. That explanation may very well be true; but it is, after all, just as likely that the man really did have a presentiment. Such things continually happen. When we have admitted that much we are unfortunately no nearer to the interesting point of proving whether presentiments are conveyed by some ultra-natural or supernatural process. Let us take it for granted

that Baker had his presentiment before the accident exactly as he believed afterwards that it had come to him. The sequel may still have been a coincidence. Coincidences are so common that the wonder is we should profess to be much surprised at them. If many presentiments are dignified by the success of coming true, there are many others which are not published to the world because they fail. We suppose that there are persons who, under stress of vivid presentiments, have refused to travel by trains or steamers which have arrived at their destinations in perfect safety. Such presentiments are not only expensive and humiliating; they seem to invest Providence—if so be that they are attributed to Providence—with a certain flippancy. Moreover, as they are kept from the knowledge of those who would like to balance the useful presentiments against the unjustified ones, it is very difficult to arrive at any conclusion as to what part man has allowed presentiments to play in governing his comings and his goings. Perhaps the world is full of presentiments, and we hear only of those which come true.

The most sceptical mind may consider itself free, however, to admit the fascinations of an inquiry. It leads us at once into immense and puzzling regions. But we need not penetrate into those labyrinths where time is conceived as having no reality among the influences which govern human fate; where the future, past, and present are all one,—where, as Sir Thomas Browne has written of the eternal *one*, "for Him the Last Trump has already sounded"; and where destiny seems necessarily to conflict with man's great solace and weapon and instinctive possession of free-will. In a recent num-

ber of *The Annals of Psychical Science* Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato has a paper on "Destiny," in which he relates an experience of his own in the operation of what he thinks are certain guiding forces outside himself. He was in Berlin on September 26th, 1908, and was about to enter the underground railway to go to a luncheon-party, when a sudden sense of "a strange well-being" induced him to wheel round and return to his hotel to finish some important letters which he had reluctantly left a minute before merely because he was too tired to continue writing. "I returned to my work," he says; "and it was whilst I was finishing my correspondence that—on the same line I had been about to travel over—between 1 and 1.30 there occurred that terrible disaster which the English readers of *The Annals* may still remember; for the disaster of the 26th September last was, after that of the Metropolitan in Paris, two years ago, the most terrible railway catastrophe which has taken place since this system of traction has existed in European cities." We could wish that Dr. Arnaldo Cervesato were accurate in all things. The Paris accident happened nearly six years ago, on August 10th, 1903. Inaccuracy in him, however, does not affect the possibility of what he calls *indications* or *rappports* interceding between man and his destiny. He perceives that he may have been saved only by a piece of good luck which had no ordered place in the scheme of his life or of the world, but he prefers to offer this confession of faith:—"In the first place, the further the study of the laws of Nature is carried, the further she seems from yielding any place in the chain of conclusions to the intervention of that unknown but extremely convenient personage, Chance; in the second place, the multiplicity of examples of this kind grows much too important each

day to permit of denying to a whole collectivity of phenomena that right to investigation which one has perhaps exceptionally the option of denying to a few sporadic facts without precedent or sequent." He imagines the guiding "Force" as acting coherently and in accordance with a great natural law,—it makes "the least possible effort in order to produce the greatest possible result." Thus, if he had finished his letters and had no obvious reason for returning to his hotel, the Force would have had to exert a much greater effort—to interpose some singular obstacle—to deter him from taking the journey on which his mind was immediately bent. The thought of the persons who were *not* deterred from taking the journey, and did perish in the accident, will cause some readers to stick at the egotism which is implicit in this argument. Dr. Cervesato thinks the Force capable of absolute and final intervention when necessary by acting by inhibition on the centre of the faculty of the will. We are not troubled by his suggestion that the Force may "function in the reverse," and impel a man unsuspectingly to his doom; but the difficulty we have mentioned before remains with us, that the "Force" often acts on people without any justification. We should like to know the proportion between real and false alarms. He says nothing of this, and of course the matter is of its nature extremely difficult to investigate.

Is it material for poets and mystics alone, this "mysterious selection," as Maeterlinck has called it, which is at work for months or years, or perhaps only for moments, among those who propose to themselves what will be (or would be if they undertook it) a fatal journey? Maeterlinck believes in the reality of the guidance, whatever it may be. In a passage quoted by Dr. Cervesato he says:—

It is a remarkable and constant fact that great catastrophes claim infinitely fewer victims than the most reasonable probabilities might have led one to suppose. At the last moment a fortuitous or exceptional circumstance is almost always found to have kept away half, and sometimes two-thirds, of the persons who were threatened by the still invisible danger. A steamer that goes to the bottom has generally fewer passengers on board than would have been the case had she not been destined to go down. Two trains that collide, an express that falls over a precipice, etc., carry less travelers than they would on a day when nothing is going to happen. Should a bridge collapse, the accident will generally be found to occur, in defiance of all probability, at the moment the crowd has just left it. In the case of fires in theatres and other public places, things unfortunately happen otherwise. But there, as we know, the principal danger does not lie in the fire, but in the panic of the terror-stricken crowd. Again, a fire-damp explosion will usually occur at a time when the number of miners inside the mine is appreciably inferior to the number that would habitually be there. Similarly, when a powder factory is blown up, the majority of the workmen, who would otherwise all have perished, will be found to have left the mill for some trifling, but providential, reason. So true is this, that the almost unvarying remark, that we read every day in the papers, has become familiar and hackneyed, as: "A catastrophe which might have assumed terrible proportions was fortunately confined, thanks to such and such a circumstance," etc., etc.; or, "One shudders to think what might have happened had the accident occurred a moment sooner, when all the workmen, all the passengers," etc. Is this the clemency of Chance? We are becoming ever less inclined to credit it with a personality, with design or intelligence. There is more

The Spectator.

reason in the supposition that something in man has defined the disaster; that an obscure but unfailing instinct has preserved a great number of people from a danger that was on the point of taking shape, of assuming the imminent and imperious form of the inevitable; and that their unconsciousness, taking alarm, is seized with hidden panic, which manifests itself outwardly in a caprice, a whim, some puerile and inconsistent incident, that is yet irresistible and becomes the means of salvation.

Is that evidence of a more "legal" kind than we have in Wordsworth's lines on "Presentiments"?—

How oft from you, derided Powers!  
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours  
Builds castles, not of air;  
Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
And teach us to beware.

Yet Wordsworth seems genuinely to have believed in presentiments as having much more than a poetic value, otherwise would he have written the following verse?—

God, who instructs the brutes to scent  
All changes of the element,  
Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
Of natures, for our wants provides  
By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
When lights of reason fail.

Those who would *documenter* this subject would do well, we should think, to collect the evidence on such a terrific event as the earthquake at Messina and Reggio. What percentage of genuine warnings can they discover among the persons who were accidentally kept away from those doomed cities?

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. L. D. Barnett's "The Golden Town" is his translation of a very small part of Soma-deva's "Ocean of Romance Rivers" written in the latter half of the eleventh century, and adapted from the "Great Romance" written at least five centuries earlier and possibly eight. The volume contains but three tales, "The Golden Town," "Sundura Luna and Mandaravati" and "Mriganka's Quest," but each tale is like a Chinese nest of boxes with other tales enclosed, and with these enclosing yet others. They abound in proverbial sayings and it seems as if the editor spoke truthfully when he wrote that "This little book of fiction may convey to its readers more vividly than learned and veracious treatises the spirit of India in the brave days of old." One certainly gathers many hints as to the manners, customs and ideals of the Hindu, and English speaking folk cannot know too much of him now, when the daily papers cheerfully confound him with the Mohammedan and quote "a learned Parsi merchant" as authority regarding both. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"The Infamous John Friend," is a title to turn aside all but the most determined of novel readers, for the "infamous" of the twentieth century means something disgusting in more than in mere aberration from righteousness; but the time of the story is about a hundred years ago, and the tale is comparatively clean, touching very little upon anything worse than high treason made possible by persistent falsehood and unscrupulous deceit, spiced with the occasional shedding of blood. John Friend, supposed by Pitt to be his own secret agent, is really a

spy of Bonaparte and at one time also an agent of the French Royalists and their English friends. The author, Mrs. R. S. Garnett, first introduces him in his character of a husband so loving, so tender, and so unselfish that he revives his wife when science has abandoned her to death; so patient and gentle that his adopted daughter worships him; so true in friendship that he is beloved by nearly all who know him and disliked only by one whose hatred is flattery. His wife, with whom piety amounts to genius, is no more than worthy of him in his private character as a husband and she dies from pure inability to endure complete knowledge of his public wickedness. The lovers of the story are but sketched in comparison with these two, but the sketches are adequate, and the adventures of the pair are sufficiently novel to have made an uncommonly interesting tale had they been unsupported. The chorus, the flock of smugglers, the family groups scattered through Sussex are completely described and definite, and England in a panic is excellently sketched. She is less interesting by necessity than she is at this moment, because steam and electricity did not combine to renew her shivers of affright, and many classes now hysterical with dangerous little learning were ignorantly stolid; but she was interesting at that time with her views of the great enemy across the Channel, and her half-faith in her own great sons, and Mrs. Garnett with few words sets her forth most vividly. If this be a first book it is wonderful; if it has had predecessors, why are they not as famous as this soon must be? Henry Holt & Co.